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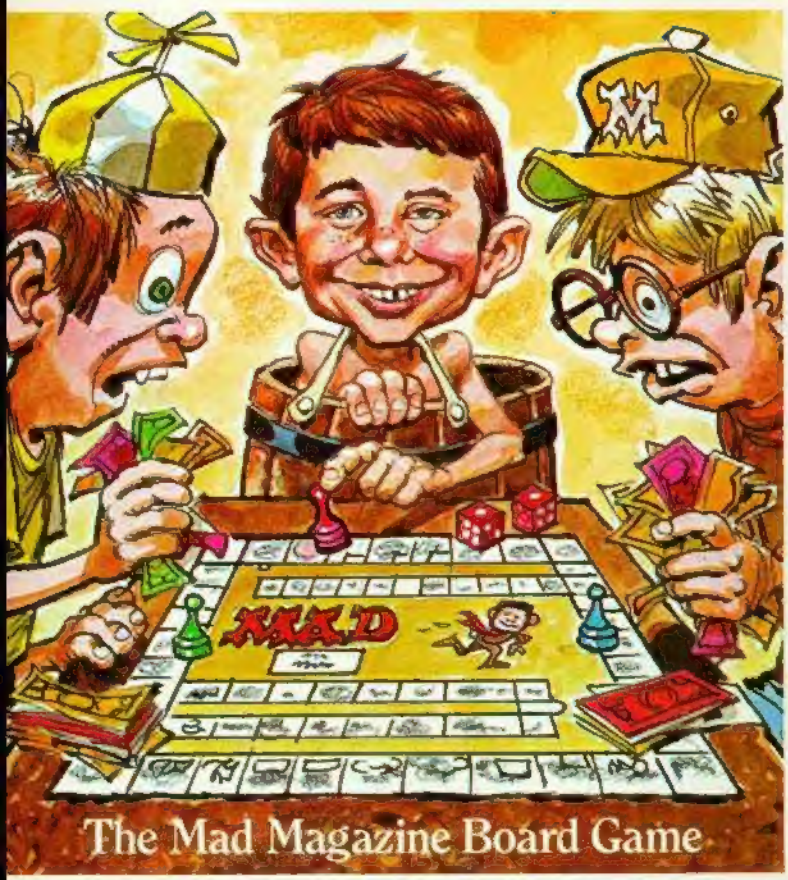
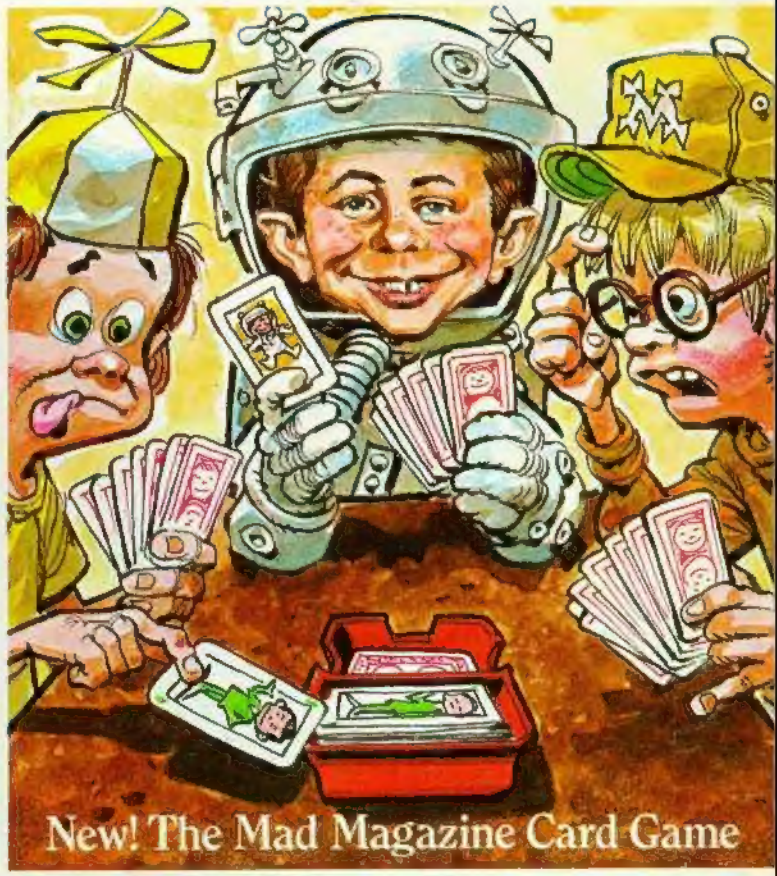


The Mad Magazine Board Game



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First we brought you the wacked-out Mad Magazine Board Game. And now, we're introducing The Mad Magazine Card Game. So now you've got even more to lose! Both games are as goofy, insane and ridiculous as Mad Magazine. Doesn't that sound like your kind of fun?

PARKER BROTHERS

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-REAL ADVERTISEMENT-

NUMBER 219 DECEMBER 1980

MAD

"After listening to all the campaign speeches, it's easy to see why they call Politics 'the most promising of careers'!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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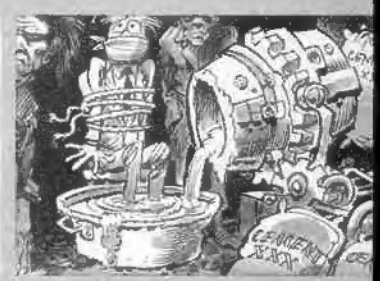

"THE DOPES OF HAPHAZZARD" (A MAD TV Show Satire) Pg. 42

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Yep . . . the sales of these full-color portraits of MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman—suitable for framing or wrapping fish—are 60% off this year! Mainly, we only sold 4! Last year, we sold 10! To help us regain or break our record sale, mail 50¢ for one, $1.05 for 3, $2.15 for 9, $4.35 for 27 or $8.75 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

ALFRED E. NEUMAN'S ELEVATOR

Regarding your up-lifting cover, can you tell me how Alfred E. Neuman ran his elevator without running into the other elevator?

Randy Melton
San Jose, Calif.

On alternating current.—Ed.

STAR BLECCH, THE MOVIE?

Your satire of "Star Trek" is justified by the fact that if all the special effects seen in the movie were minimized, or left out, there wouldn't be any movie. What is the significance of the upside down Gene Roddenberry? Is it to illustrate the direction he felt the movie was taking?

Katherine Ebron
Fayetteville, N.C.

"Thanks!" Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo, from a Trekkie who *did* notice Gene Roddenberry upside down!

David L. Vogler
Centerville, Mass.

I enjoyed "Star Blecch" very much There was, however, one minor error. Twice ten to the sixth power is not ten to the twelfth power. It is ten to the eighth power. Ten to the twelfth power is ten to the sixth power times ten to the sixth power or ten to the sixth power squared.

Stuart Rankin
Kelsey, Calif.

No doubt several others have written to you about this, but let me add my kvetching anyway. In "Star Blecch", you have Spook observe that it is a new art form wherein the special effects are more interesting than the rest of the movie. Wrong! Irwin Allen has been doing it for years.

J. B. Post
Philadelphia, Pa.

FAMOUS FAMILY ALBUM REJECTS

Farrah-Fawcett's "exploitation shot" was definitely an over-exposure. But I marvel at the way Paul Peter Porges and Harry North depicted F-F as an infant. I knew it was she, even before reading the caption.

David Lohnes
Pekin, Illinois

PAGING DON EDWING

Who the hell is Don Edwing?

Chris Mason
R.P.V., Calif.

Don Edwing is a clever artist-writer who has been (mainly) writing for us for years! We felt that our readers would enjoy his art work as well. Don is also writing and drawing his own paperback for us, now in preparation, "Don Edwing's MAD Bizarre Bazaar"!—Ed.

MAD LAWS, SECOND EDITION

Paul Coker and Frank Jacobs stormed back with "MAD Laws, Second Edition". But how about The Express Lane Constant? You can be stuck behind one person checking out 14 separate items, or be stuck behind 14 separate patrons checking out one item each.

Jon Phillips
Nashville, Tenn.

Speaking of "MAD Laws", how about: No matter how early you get to the newsstand, somebody else has already done the Fold-In of the first MAD you pick up.

Gilbert Lanathoua
Chino, Calif.

In "MAD Laws" you forgot The Downright Embarrassment Principle: No matter how many times you write a sensible comment to MAD, it's a dumb letter like *this* that makes the Letters Page!

Brett Durrett
Pleasanton, Calif.

ELECTION YEAR JABBERWOCKY

Snark-hunters Angelo Torres and Frank Jacobs did Lewis Carroll proud with "Election Year Jabberwocky"! Of course, "Through The Looking-Glass" would have been an appropriate setting, too, as the majority of presidential candidates in the article augur at least four years more bad luck for the country.

Arthur Greenwald
Pittsburgh, Pa.

MORE MAD ESP!

Once again, MAD scores with its uncanny ESP! Your #209 back cover accurately predicted President Carter's embarrassment over Brother Billy's "Libya" mess.

Scott Croland
New York City

"He's sure heavy, Voter's...he's m' brother!"

YEARBOOK FOR AVERAGE CLODS

As a dedicated teacher of History, I must make one correction on your Millard Fillmore information. He was the "Know-Nothing Party" presidential candidate in 1856 and not in 1865 (when there was no presidential election)!

John Valori
Lancaster, Pa.

Shows you what a "Know-Nothing" he was! —Ed.

MARTIN LOOKS AT THE LONE RANGER

"The Lone Ranger" had horse sense, horse laughs, and horse power! Let's see more of Don's whinnying ways.

Erin Yvonne Lane
Arcadia, Calif.

I got a kick out of Silver, and Tonto was drawn with great injunuity!

Tommy Casale
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Silver Outranges The Lone Ranger

Silver ran away with "Don Martin Looks At The Lone Ranger"; hooves down!

Susan S. Shulman
New York, N.Y.

A SNAPPY ANSWERS CLASSIC?

I went overboard with Al Jaffee's "Fishing Incident"! That barb should be in his Snappy Answers Hall of Fame!

Charles David Haskell
New York, N.Y.

CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF DISHONOR

Al Jaffee's "The Congressional Medal Of Dishonor, "our Nation's lowest award to be mailed to your deserving legislator", is a fantastic back cover privilege. Unfortunately, it would cost me around $375.00 in MAD issues to distribute them to *all* who are really deserving of this award.

Ronny Thomas
Burbank, Calif.

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. . . or . . .
you can
GAG
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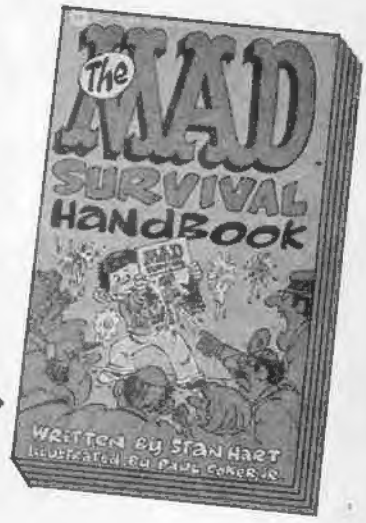

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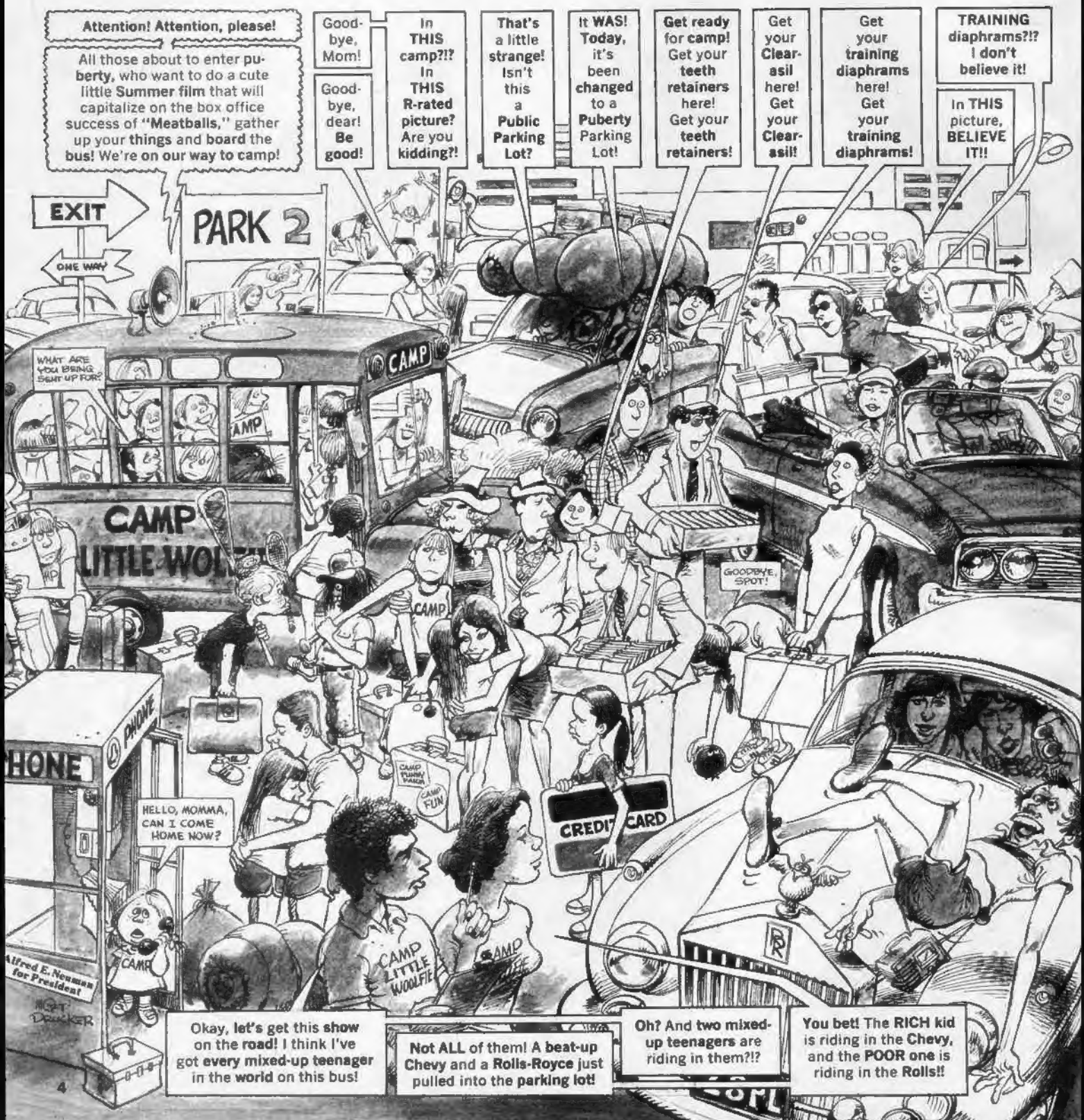
VIRGIN TERRITORY DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go with another "MAD Double-Feature Movie Satire"! You get twice as much for your money . . . garbage, that is! Recently, there was a film about two teenage girls in a Summer Camp who were in a race to see who would lose their innocence first. But as these nubile bubble-gummers were racing to lose their innocence, we were racing to find the exit! We won't tell you *who* lost *what* . . . we only know that *we* lost 4 hard-earned bucks, paying to see some sexy . . .

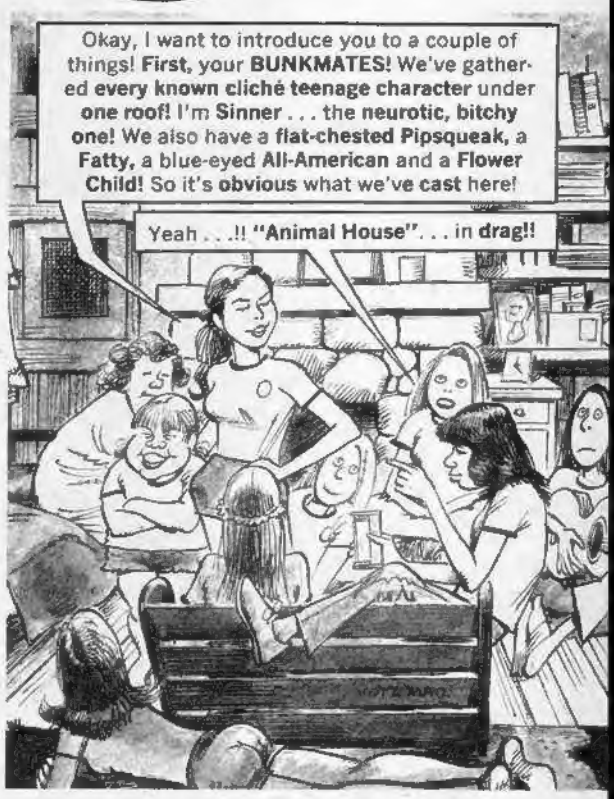
Little

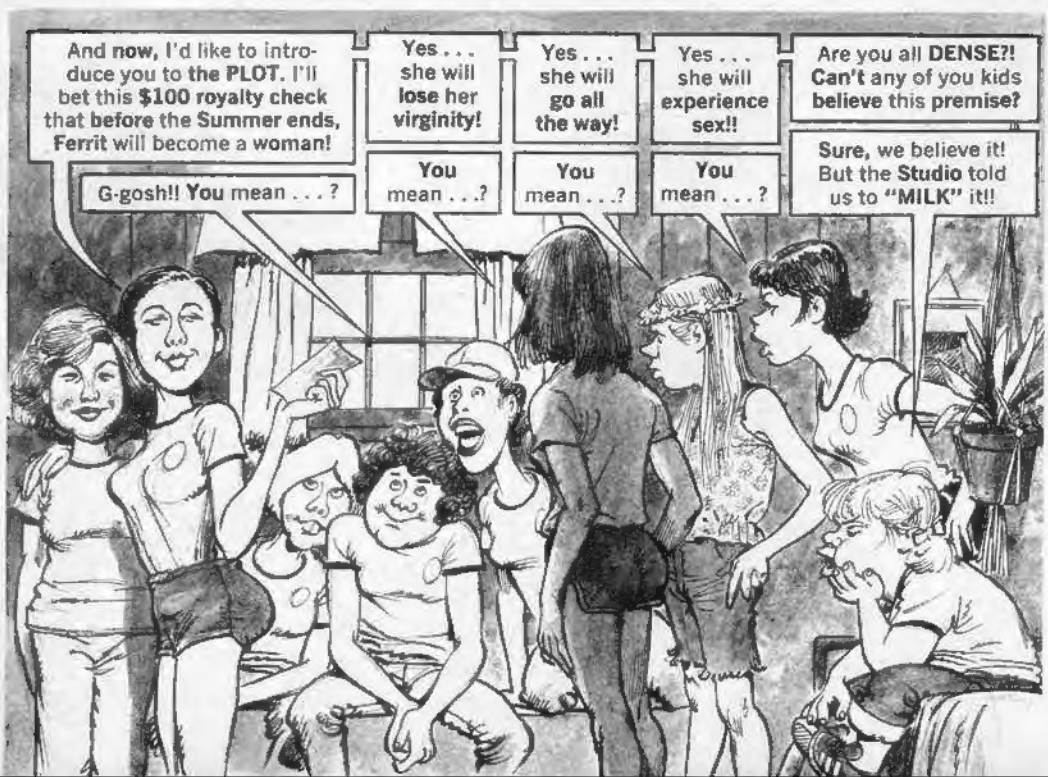

Attention! Attention, please!
All those about to enter puberty, who want to do a cute little Summer film that will capitalize on the box office success of "Meatballs," gather up your things and board the bus! We're on our way to camp!
Good-bye, Mom!
Good-bye, dear! Be good!
In THIS camp?!? In THIS R-rated picture? Are you kidding?!
That's a little strange! Isn't this a Public Parking Lot?
It WAS! Today, it's been changed to a Puberty Parking Lot!
Get ready for camp! Get your teeth retainers here! Get your teeth retainers!
Get your Clear-asil here! Get your Clear-asil!
Get your training diaphrams here! Get your training diaphrams!
TRAINING diaphrams?!? I don't believe it!
In THIS picture, BELIEVE IT!!
EXIT
ONE WAY
PARK 2
CAMP
WHAT ARE YOU BEING SENT UP FOR?
CAMP LITTLE WOL
GOODBYE, SPOT!
PHONE
HELLO, MOMMA, CAN I COME HOME NOW?
Alfred E. Neuman for President
CAMP LITTLE WOOLFIE
CREDIT CARD
Okay, let's get this show on the road! I think I've got every mixed-up teenager in the world on this bus!
Not ALL of them! A beat-up Chevy and a Rolls-Royce just pulled into the parking lot!
Oh? And two mixed-up teenagers are riding in them?!?
You bet! The RICH kid is riding in the Chevy, and the POOR one is riding in the Rolls!!

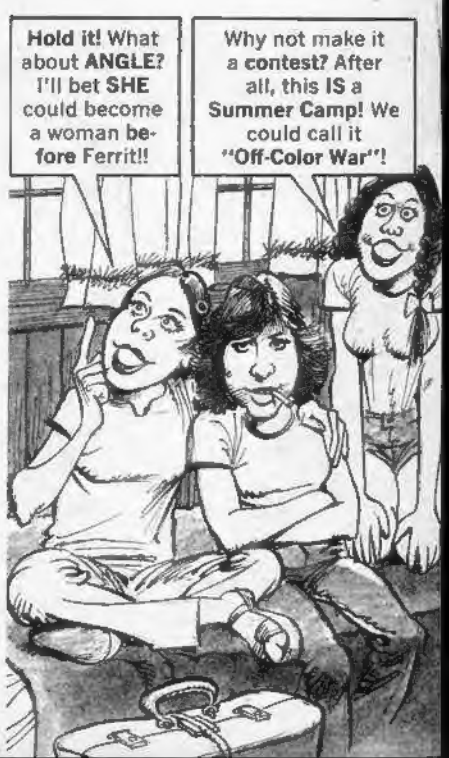
"Star"lings

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Hello, poor kid from the slums! I'm Ferrit . . . spoiled rich kid! Can I sit next to you and establish a competitive relationship that will keep the plot rolling . . .?
Beat it, Creep!
I'll sit here anyway!
I'll punch you out!
I can take it!
I'll blow cigarette smoke in your ugly face!
I can take it!
I'll talk in this tough moronic monotone throughout the entire trip!
Hmmm! Maybe I'll find another seat!

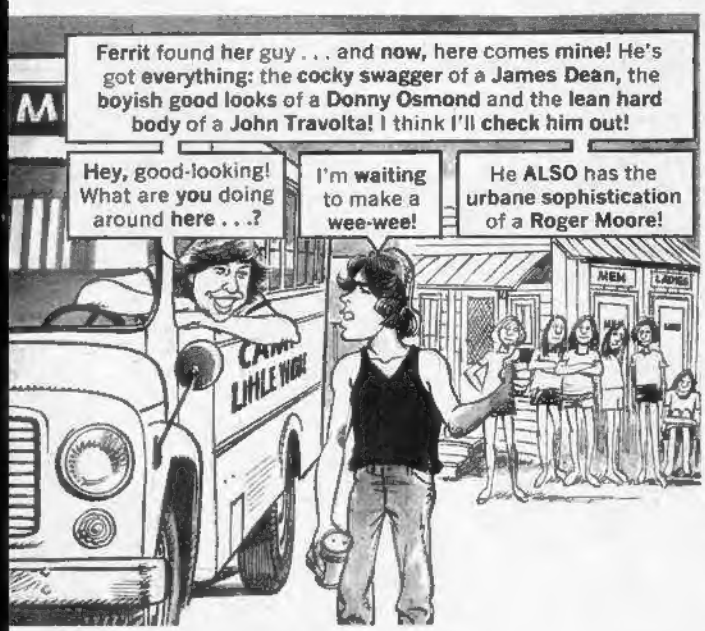

Okay, I want to introduce you to a couple of things! First, your BUNKMATES! We've gathered every known cliché teenage character under one roof! I'm Sinner . . . the neurotic, bitchy one! We also have a flat-chested Pipsqueak, a Fatty, a blue-eyed All-American and a Flower Child! So it's obvious what we've cast here!
Yeah . . .!! "Animal House". . . in drag!!

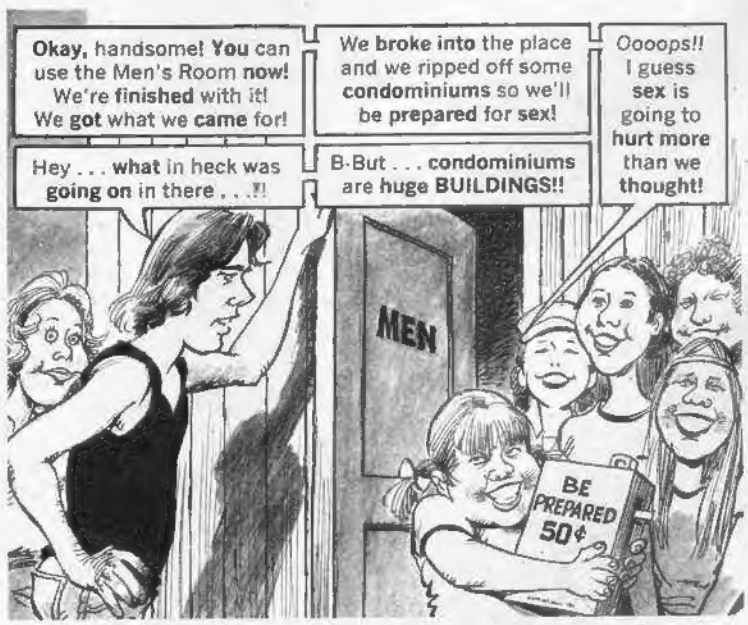

And now, I'd like to introduce you to the PLOT. I'll bet this $100 royalty check that before the Summer ends, Ferrit will become a woman!
G-gosh!! You mean . . . ?
Yes . . . she will lose her virginity!
You mean . . .?
Yes . . . she will go all the way!
You mean . . .?
Yes . . . she will experience sex!!
You mean . . . ?
Are you all DENSE?! Can't any of you kids believe this premise?
Sure, we believe it! But the Studio told us to "MILK" it!!


Hold it! What about ANGLE? I'll bet SHE could become a woman before Ferrit!!
Why not make it a contest? After all, this IS a Summer Camp! We could call it "Off-Color War"!

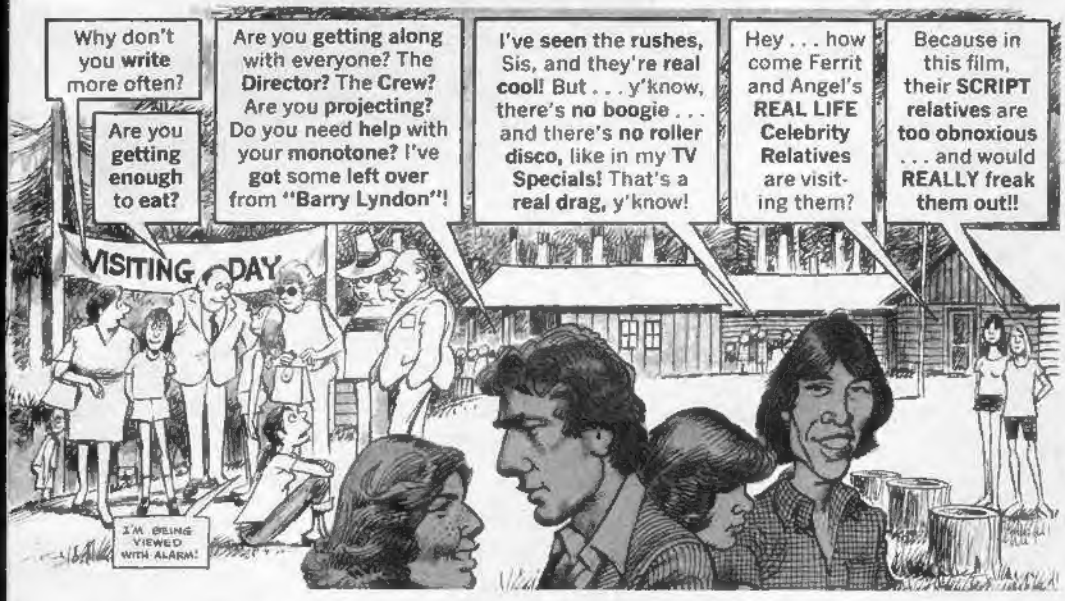
Okay, a contest it is!! Ferrit vs. Angie! Whoever loses her innocence first wins! Get your bets down . . .!
I'll bet twenty bucks on Angie!!
My money's on Angie!
Me too!
My vibes . . . karma . . . and love beads tell me it'll be Ferrit!!
Sunswine, you creep! This is a 1980 film! That "HIPPY" scene is OVER! Update your act!
You mean . . . get rid of my MOOD RING and my PET ROCK? You make me do that and I'll start STREAKING!!
VOTE MAD
The contest is now OFFICIALLY ON! The FIRST ONE who becomes INTIMATE with a partner WINS!!

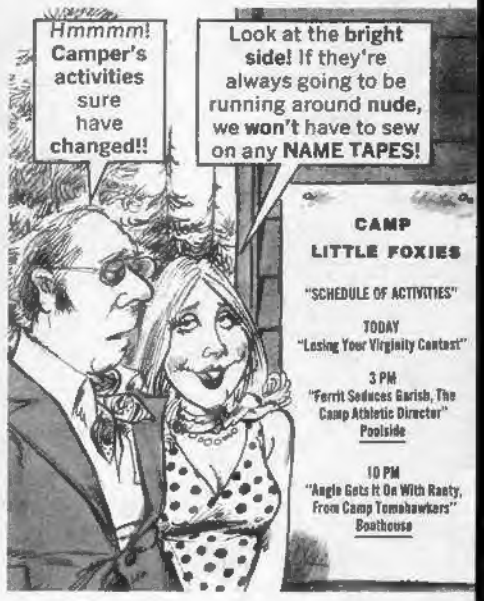
With a HUMAN . . .!! With a HUMAN . . .!!
You're Garish, the Camp Athletic Director, aren't you . . .?
That's right!
Hmmmmm! I think you'll be perfect!
For what . . .?
In a second! Let's make small talk first! What do you do in the city?
I teach French at Potrzebie High School!
Okay, that's enough small talk! Let's make out!!
No, Ferrit! It would never work! There's a big difference in age! I'm 24 and you're 15! By the time I'm 62, you'll only be 37!
What kind of arithmetic is THAT?!?
I'm a FRENCH teacher, not a MATH teacher!

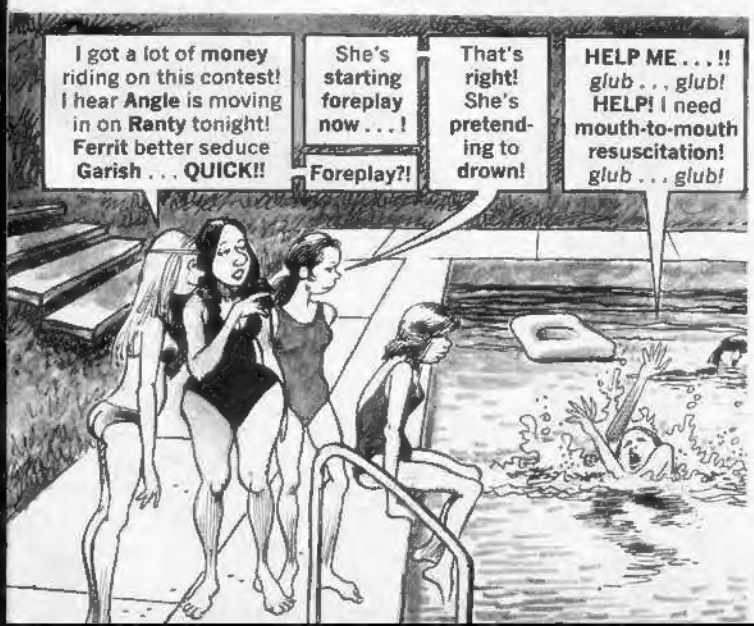

Ferrit found her guy . . . and now, here comes mine! He's got everything: the cocky swagger of a James Dean, the boyish good looks of a Donny Osmond and the lean hard body of a John Travolta! I think I'll check him out!
Hey, good-looking! What are you doing around here . . .?
I'm waiting to make a wee-wee!
He ALSO has the urbane sophistication of a Roger Moore!
MEN
LADIES
CAMP LITTLE WOW


Okay, handsome! You can use the Men's Room now! We're finished with it! We got what we came for!
We broke into the place and we ripped off some condominiums so we'll be prepared for sex!
Oooops!! I guess sex is going to hurt more than we thought!
Hey . . . what in heck was going on in there . . .!!
B-But . . . condominiums are huge BUILDINGS!!
MEN
BE PREPARED 50¢

Aren't we going to DO anything about this?!?
We haven't done anything all picture, why start now?! Besides . . . this is the funniest scene in the movie!
WHICH movie?!?
You're right!! This scene IS strangely similar to one in another film! But which one?!?
Let me think! What other major motion picture had a food fight? Was it Bogart and Bergman in "Casablanca"?
Was it in "The Ten Commandments" . . . when Moses and the Israelites started throwing food at the Egyptian first-born?
You're both hallucinating! This scene is an ORIGINAL!
Okay... I'LL be John Belushi, and YOU be the Omega Frat guys!
No . . . I'LL be John Belushi, and YOU be the Omega Frat guys!
FERRIT
ANGLE


Why don't you write more often?
Are you getting enough to eat?
Are you getting along with everyone? The Director? The Crew? Are you projecting? Do you need help with your monotone? I've got some left over from "Barry Lyndon"!
I've seen the rushes, Sis, and they're real cool! But . . . y'know, there's no boogie . . . and there's no roller disco, like in my TV Specials! That's a real drag, y'know!
Hey . . . how come Ferrit and Angel's REAL LIFE Celebrity Relatives are visiting them?
Because in this film, their SCRIPT relatives are too obnoxious . . . and would REALLY freak them out!!
VISITING DAY
I'M BEING VIEWED WITH ALARM!


Hmmmm! Camper's activities sure have changed!!
Look at the bright side! If they're always going to be running around nude, we won't have to sew on any NAME TAPES!
CAMP LITTLE FOXIES
"SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES"
TODAY
"Losing Your Virginity Contest"
3 PM
"Ferrit Seduces Garish, The Camp Athletic Director"
Poolside
10 PM
"Angle Gets It On With Ranty, From Camp Tomahawkers"
Boathouse


I got a lot of money riding on this contest! I hear Angle is moving in on Ranty tonight! Ferrit better seduce Garish . . . QUICK!!
She's starting foreplay now . . . !
Foreplay?!
That's right! She's pretending to drown!
HELP ME . . . !! glub . . . glub! HELP! I need mouth-to-mouth resuscitation! glub . . . glub!

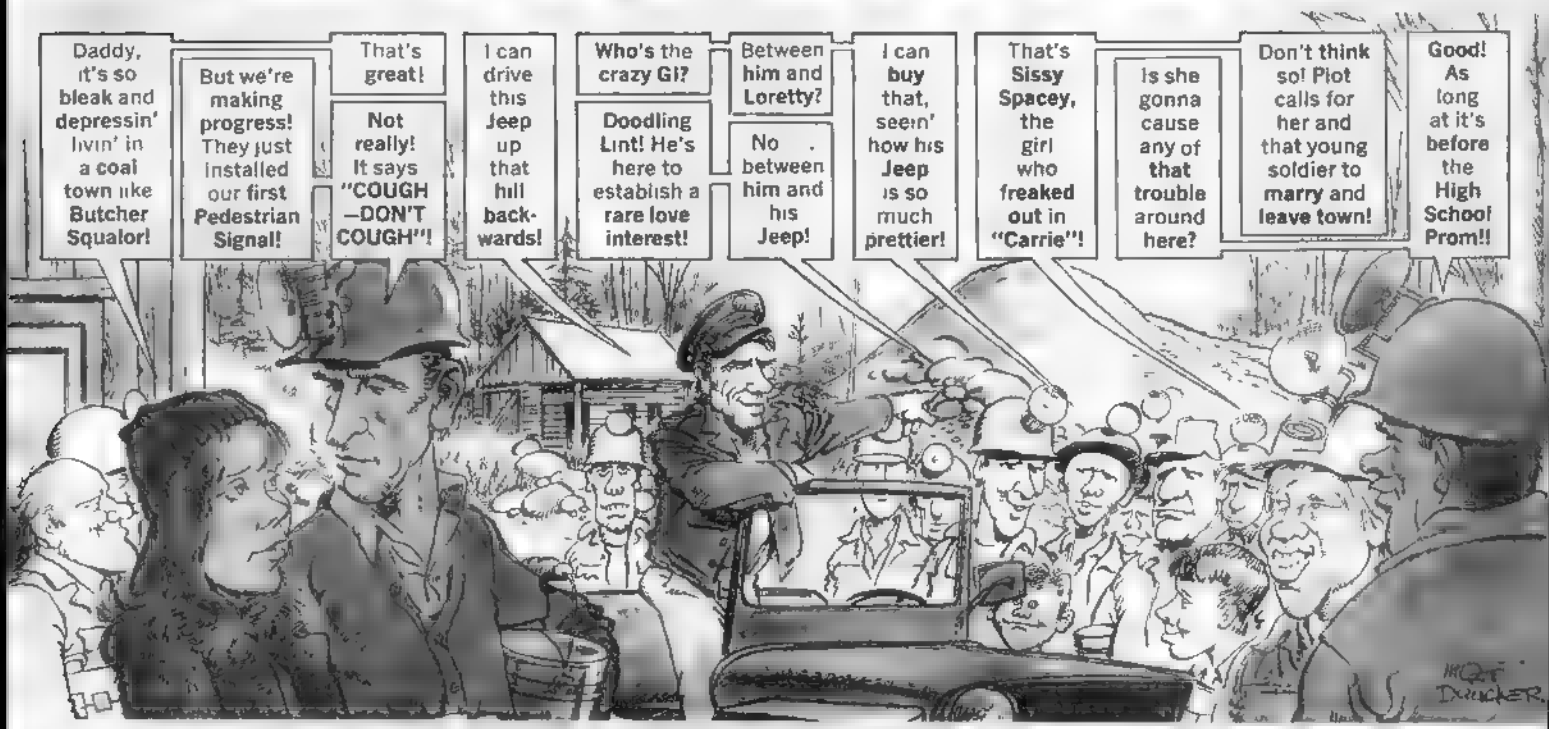
Is this for real . . . or are you ACTING?!?
Hmmmmmmm! What do YOU think?
I've SEEN your acting! It must be for REAL!
Tell me, Garish, isn't it just a little bit UNUSUAL for an All-Girl's Camp to have a MALE COUNSELLOR?!?
It IS an unusual job! The salary is $3500 for the Summer! But, hey . . . I'm willing to PAY it!

Y'know . . . I may talk tough, but deep down, I'm scared!
Me, too!
I don't think we can handle what's ahead! We may embarrass ourselves!
You're right! If only we were Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine!
You mean for the upcoming "SEX scenes"?!
"Sex scenes" we can handle! It's "meaningful dialogue" where we're in deep trouble!
IT'S A CLEAR DENIAL OF OUR EQUAL RIGHTS...
SO...
WE WILL GROW BEARDS IF WE WANT TO!
Tonight's the night we're gonna make it together, Ranty! Get in . . .
Okay! Stow the oars and stick your legs in the oarlocks, and I'll . . .
Not HERE, Stupid! NOT HERE!!
CAMP LITTLE
I—I don't want to rush into this, Ranty!
Okay, we'll get undressed slowly, each taking off one thing! You take off your bras . . . and I'll take the pack of cigarettes out of my sleeve!
It's cold in here!
I'll start a fire!
Then it'll be too hot!
I'll smother it with my BODY!! Hey . . . are you ready?
First . . . turn off the lights!
There are no lights! Just the MOON!!
Then turn off the MOON . . .!
I'm getting FRUSTRATED!! Y'know, there are NAMES for girls like you!
Is "Crazy Teenager" one of them?
No . . . but you got the INITIALS right!!
BECKY SAM 1992
Alfred E. Neuman for President
Well, I'm about to lose my innocence and win the contest! But . . . will I really be winning?!? When you think about it, I'm actually LOSING more than I'm GAINING! I think I'll tell the girls I DIDN'T! That way, I'll—
WILL YOU STOP TALKING ALREADY?!?
Okay, but if we're gonna DO IT, can I ask for a favor?
WHAT?!?
Be gentle! It's my FIRST TIME in a Feature Movie!
BAIT
Gosh! Movie teenagers sure have CHANGED since our day, Polly!
Golly, they sure have, Andy!
Why, for years, OUR trademark was "Let's put on a show!" But THESE kids really DID put on a show!
Only let's face it, Andy! It may be a SEXIER show, but OURS was a lot more ENTERTAINING!

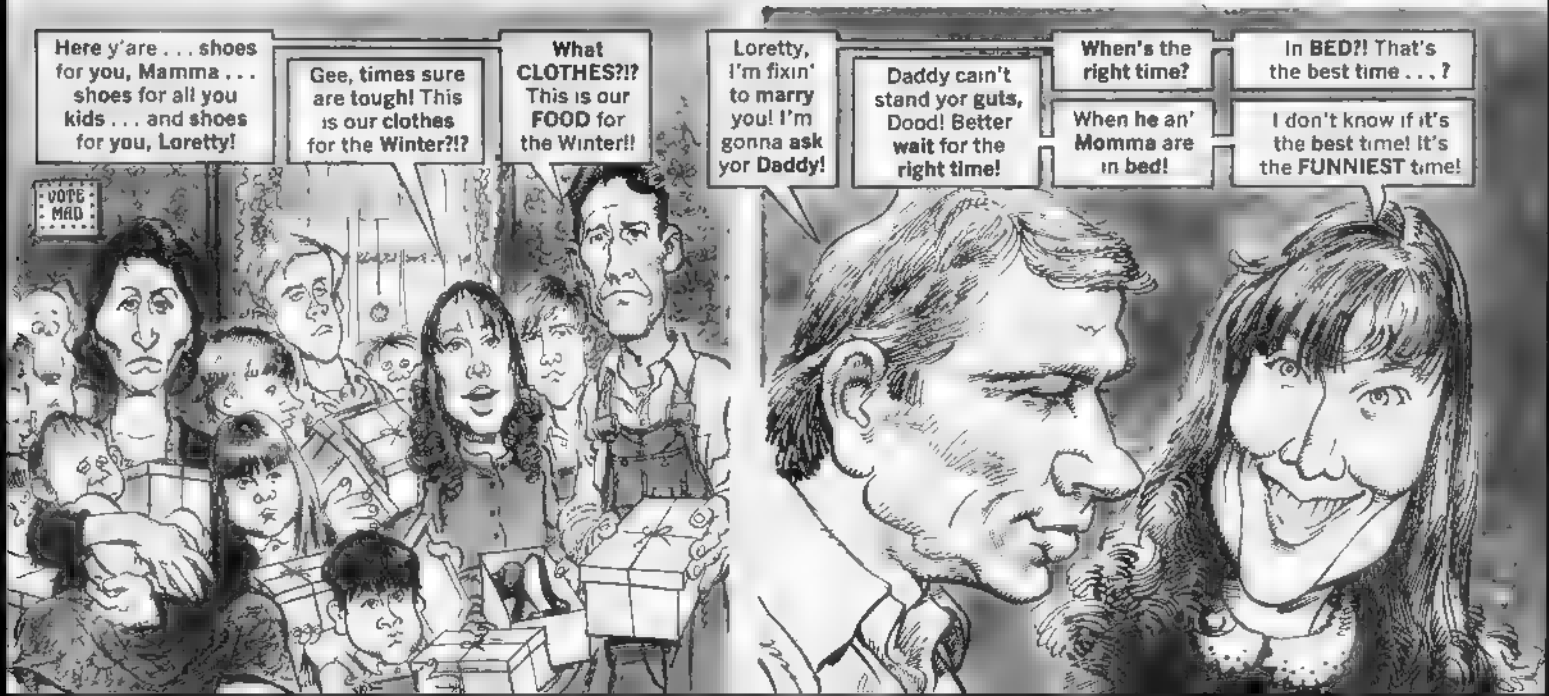
LORETTA LYNN-A-MINT DEPT.

Do rags to riches movies make you sick? Here's one about a Kentucky back-hills girl who becomes a multi-millionaire! In fact, she ends up with all the cash in Country-Western Music -except Johnny! A coal-miner's daughter, she turns out to be the . . .

Gold Mining DAUGHTER


Daddy, it's so bleak and depressin' livin' in a coal town like Butcher Squalor!
But we're making progress! They just installed our first Pedestrian Signal!
That's great!
Not really! It says "COUGH—DON'T COUGH"!
I can drive this Jeep up that hill backwards!
Who's the crazy GI?
Doodling Lint! He's here to establish a rare love interest!
Between him and Loretty?
No . between him and his Jeep!
I can buy that, seein' how his Jeep is so much prettier!
That's Sissy Spacey, the girl who freaked out in "Carrie"!
Is she gonna cause any of that trouble around here?
Don't think so! Plot calls for her and that young soldier to marry and leave town!
Good! As long at it's before the High School Prom!!
MORT DRUCKER

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN


Here y'are . . . shoes for you, Mamma . . . shoes for all you kids . . . and shoes for you, Loretty!
Gee, times sure are tough! This is our clothes for the Winter?!?
What CLOTHES?!? This is our FOOD for the Winter!!
VOTE MAD
Loretty, I'm fixin' to marry you! I'm gonna ask yor Daddy!
Daddy cain't stand yor guts, Dood! Better wait for the right time!
When's the right time?
When he an' Momma are in bed!
In BED?! That's the best time . . . ?
I don't know if it's the best time! It's the FUNNIEST time!

I'm sorry to interrupt you in bed, Sir!

That's all right! We have seven kids! You just saved us from havin' another!

Sir, I want t' marry Loretty! I promise I'll work real hard . . . at least for a FEW years, till she becomes famous and rich and I can start scrounging off her!

Okay . . . but there are TWO things you want to PROMISE me, boy . . .

What's that?

That you never HIT her . . . or SLAP her . . . or KICK her like THIS!

Okay! An' what's the second thing, Sir?

That you never take Loretty far from home! It'd break my Wife's heart, and one thing I can't stand is to see her hurt!!

WAK!

DAMN IT, Loretty! You told me that would be a real funny scene! We're gettin' the heck out of here and movin' to the State of Washington . . .

WOK!

Now . . . you be good, Loretty!

An' YOU take care, Daddy! Thanks for seein' me off! Oh . . . how are things in the coal mines??

It ain't easy! Yuh lift 16 tons and what do you get?? Another day older . . . and deeper in debt!

That sounds like a SONG!!

Well, SOMEBODY better do one REAL SOON! We're one-third through this picture, and the audience din't pay good money t' hear us talk!

What are you and Dood gonna DO way out in Washington??

We'll find somethin'!

Well . . . we FOUND somethin'!!

I think you better get a NEW HOBBY!! Here's a guitar! You can play and sing for money down at the roadhouse!

Golly! I ain't sure!! What'll I SING . . . ??

ANYTHING you WANT . . . except "Havin' My Baby"!

Here's a song I wrote called, "I'm Fallin' Into Somethin', And I Hope It's Only Love"!

Oh, I'm fallin' into somethin', and . . .

Ooops! Maybe I made a big mistake, giving her a choice!

She's a HIT! They LOVE the way she sings!!

A crowd THIS SMASHED would love the way CHARLES BRONSON sings . . . !

We're on our way to stardom, Loretty!

Oh? What makes you so sure?

I sent your record of "Honky Tonk Tootsie", along with a picture, to 300 country disc jockeys! They'll sit up and take notice!!

Why should they?

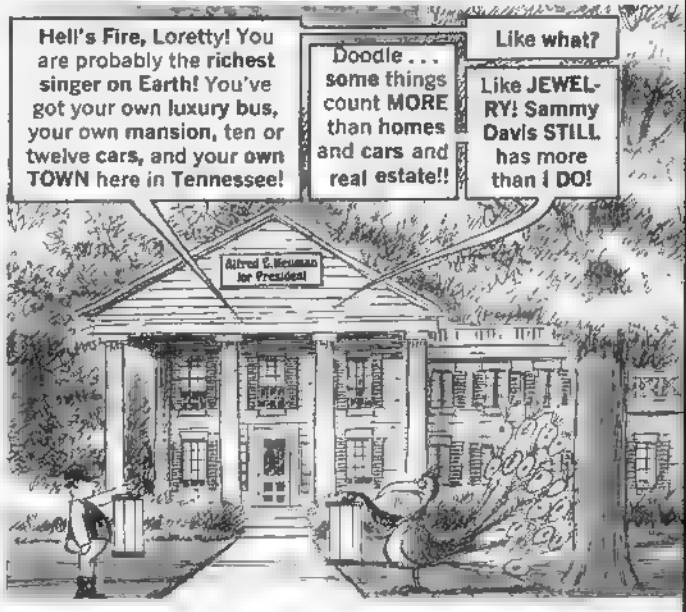
WKRP

'Cause it's a picture of DOLLY PARTON . . . !

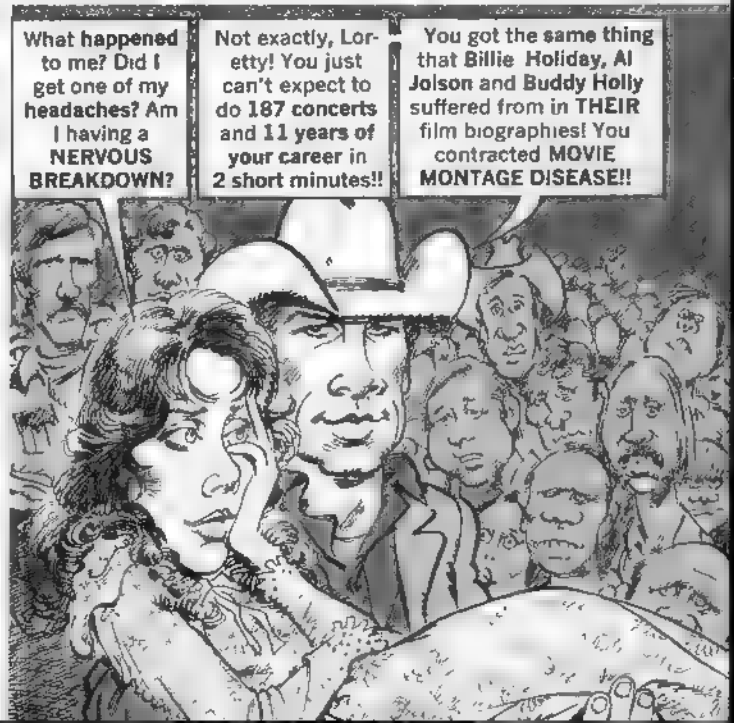
That was Buck Cowflop and The Sodbusters Singin' "Please Lord, Sanforize My Pants Before The Next Teardrops Fall"! Now, let's meet a newcomer to The Grand Ole Opry! Her first record is number 14 nationwide! Here is MISS LORETTY LINT!
I can't believe it! I'm actually performing at The Grand Ole Opry!
I TOLD you, Loretty! We're on our way . . . right up to STARDOM!
What do you mean "WE", Jeep Jockey?!?
Ooops! The plot thickens!!
WSM
GRAND OLE OPRY

I wanted t' meet you, honey . . . because I hear you're becomin' almost as big a Country-Western star as I am!
No one is bigger than Patsy Climb! Say . . . what happened to you anyway?
I had one of those typical Country-Western accidents!
An auto crash?
No . . . my HAIRDO fell on me!

Loretty, these tours have made you a big star!
What good is bein' a big star if you can't hold onto your MAN!?
Bein' a big star means you're gonna make over a MILLION BUCKS!
What good is holdin' onto your MAN if you're gonna make a MILLION BUCKS!
So much for good ol' Country-Western style sentiment!
Patsy Climb
with Loretty Lint

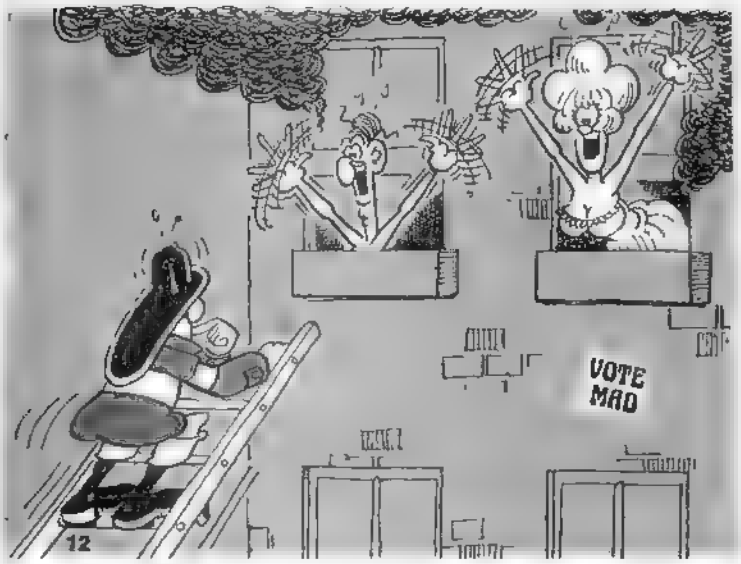

Hell's Fire, Loretty! You are probably the richest singer on Earth! You've got your own luxury bus, your own mansion, ten or twelve cars, and your own TOWN here in Tennessee!
Doodle . . . some things count MORE than homes and cars and real estate!!
Like what?
Like JEWELRY! Sammy Davis STILL has more than I DO!
Alfred E. Neuman for President

Ladies and Gentlemen . . . the Queen of Country Music . . . MISS LORETTY LINT . . .
They call him trailer trash, but I love his mobile ways!
Ladies and Gentlemen, the gal you've been waiting for . . . MISS LORETTY LINT . . .
Don't come home a-drinkin' with bowling on your mind!
Folks . . let's welcome the First Lady of Country Music . . . MISS LORETTY LINT . . .
Hold me . . . thrill me . . . then wake me up to do the chores!
And here she is, fainting right in front of you, LORETTY LINT!
If you leave me, I will GACCK!


What happened to me? Did I get one of my headaches? Am I having a NERVOUS BREAKDOWN?
Not exactly, Loretty! You just can't expect to do 187 concerts and 11 years of your career in 2 short minutes!!
You got the same thing that Billie Holiday, Al Jolson and Buddy Holly suffered from in THEIR film biographies! You contracted MOVIE MONTAGE DISEASE!!

HOSE JOB DEPT. PART I

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT

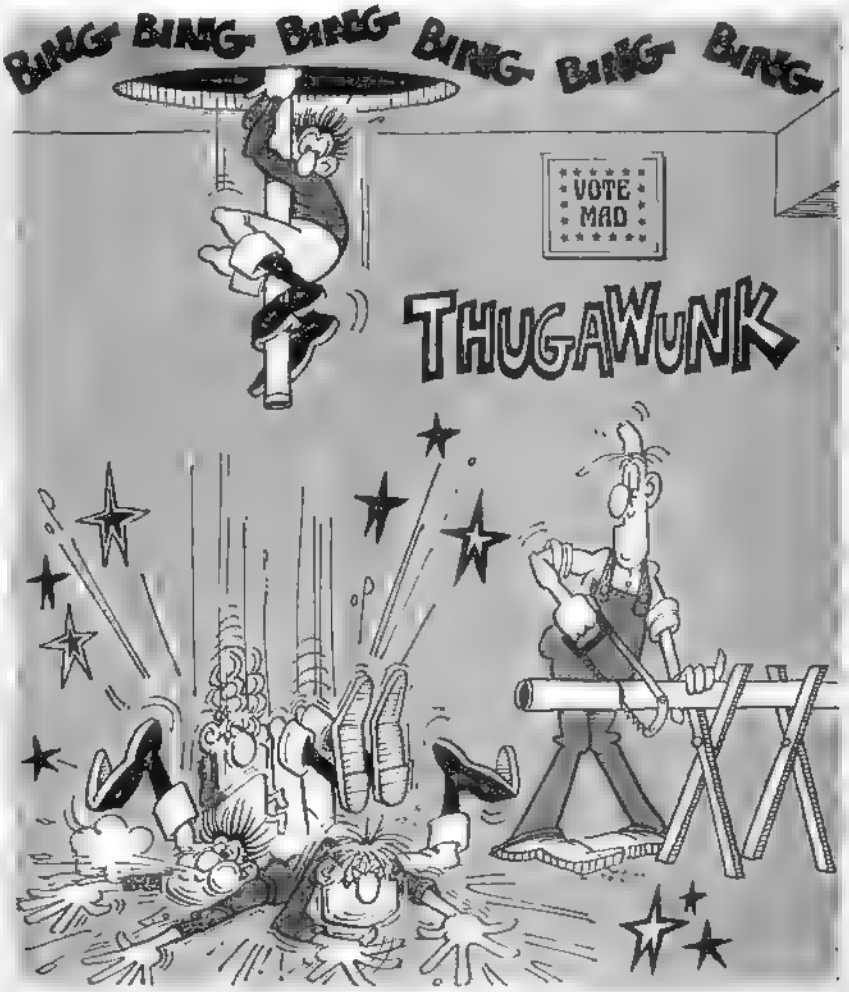


FIREMEN

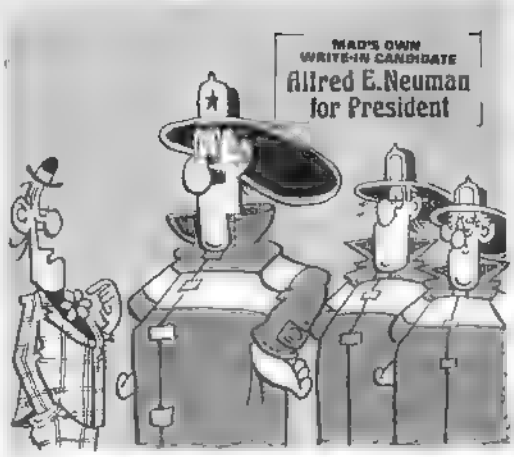
This building is very impressive, but as your Fire Chief, I'd like to know what you'll do if there's a fire up here? This'll be a towering inferno!!
Come over to the window, Chief!

We've taken care of everything!
?!?

BING BING BING BING BING BING

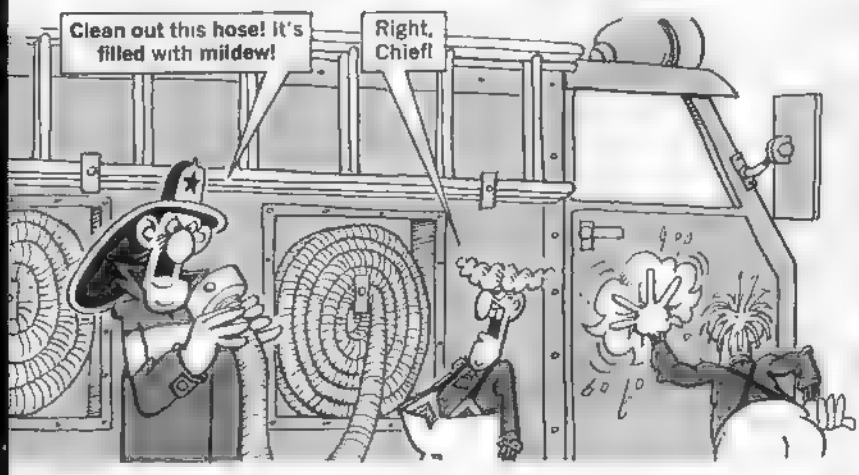

BING BING BING BING BING BING
VOTE MAD
THUGAWUNK

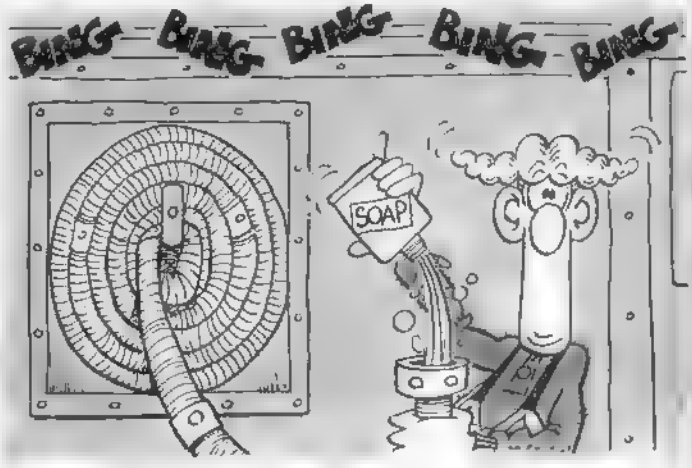
Get those numbers up there—quick!!
Right, Chief . . .


MAD'S OWN WRITE-IN CANDIDATE
Alfred E. Neuman for President

TAKE A NUMBER
Okay . . . ! Number SIX . . . !!

Fire out of control on the 38th floor! Do something!!
Roger! Wilco!


Clean out this hose! It's filled with mildew!
Right, Chief!

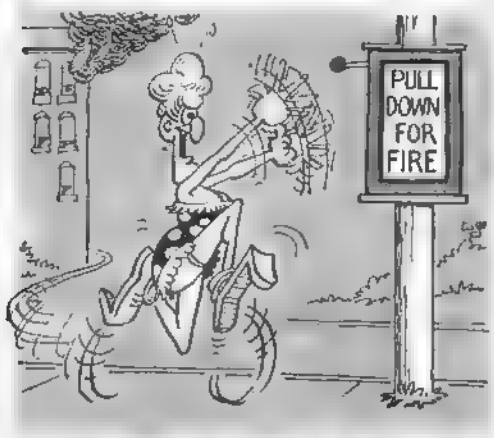

BING BING BING BING BING
SOAP

WEEOOOWEEEOOOOWEEEOOOO

GASHKUTZGA

BONG

Y'know . . . nobody likes a wise-ass!
SPAZOOSH
SSSSSSST


PULL DOWN FOR FIRE

Man . . . where does all that WATER you're pumping in GO?!

Beats me . . . !!

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you finally got your kid to take up the violin . . . and he loves it so much, he won't stop playing it?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you got your boyfriend to see a shrink about his problem . . . and the solution is that he should dump you?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . that you finally got your Boss to give you a big job with "more responsibility" . . . and you can't handle it?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you nagged your daughter into ditching the goon she was dating . . . and she's going with an even bigger schmuck?

ARE HAPPY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that the Superstar your team paid half a million, to win the pennant, has finally united the team—against him?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you got your agnostic kid to "take a look at religion" . . . and he's become a fanatic in some weird cult?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you've worked hard and finally amassed all the money you'll ever need . . . and you're too old to enjoy it?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you succeeded in losing those 40 pounds . . . and replacing your entire wardrobe is gonna cost you four grand?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that the political party you hate has been voted out . . . and the winner you supported is doubling your taxes?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you finally made a small profit on that stock you held for years . . . and inflation has wiped out the gain?

YOU NOW...?

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you've finally turned 18, and you're allowed to see those "X-Rated" movies . . . and you find them a big bore?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

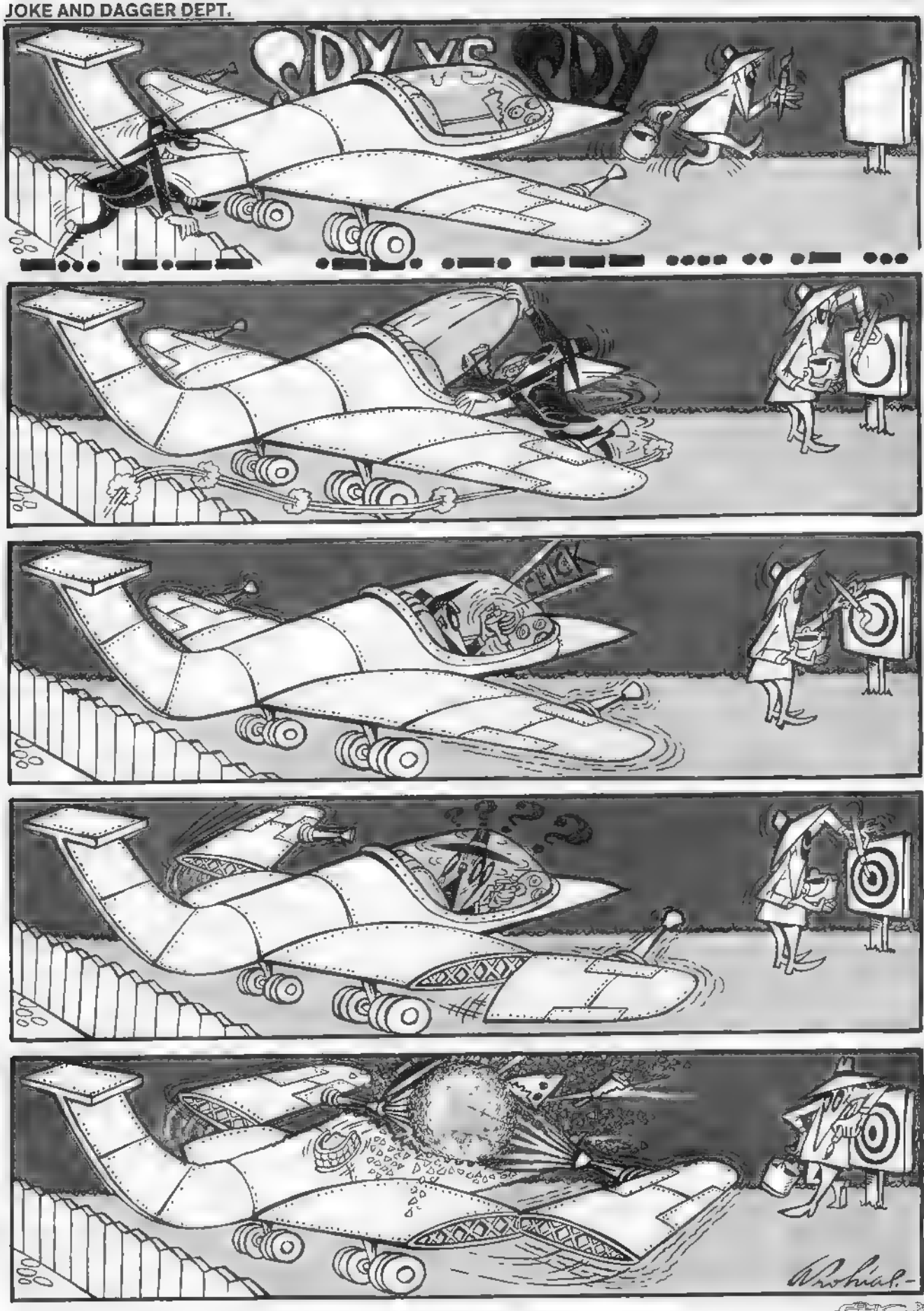
. . . that you've managed to keep all your New Year's resolutions . . . and life for you has become a total bore?

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you persuaded your Wife to join a "Swinging Couples" group . . . and she loves it . . . and you don't?

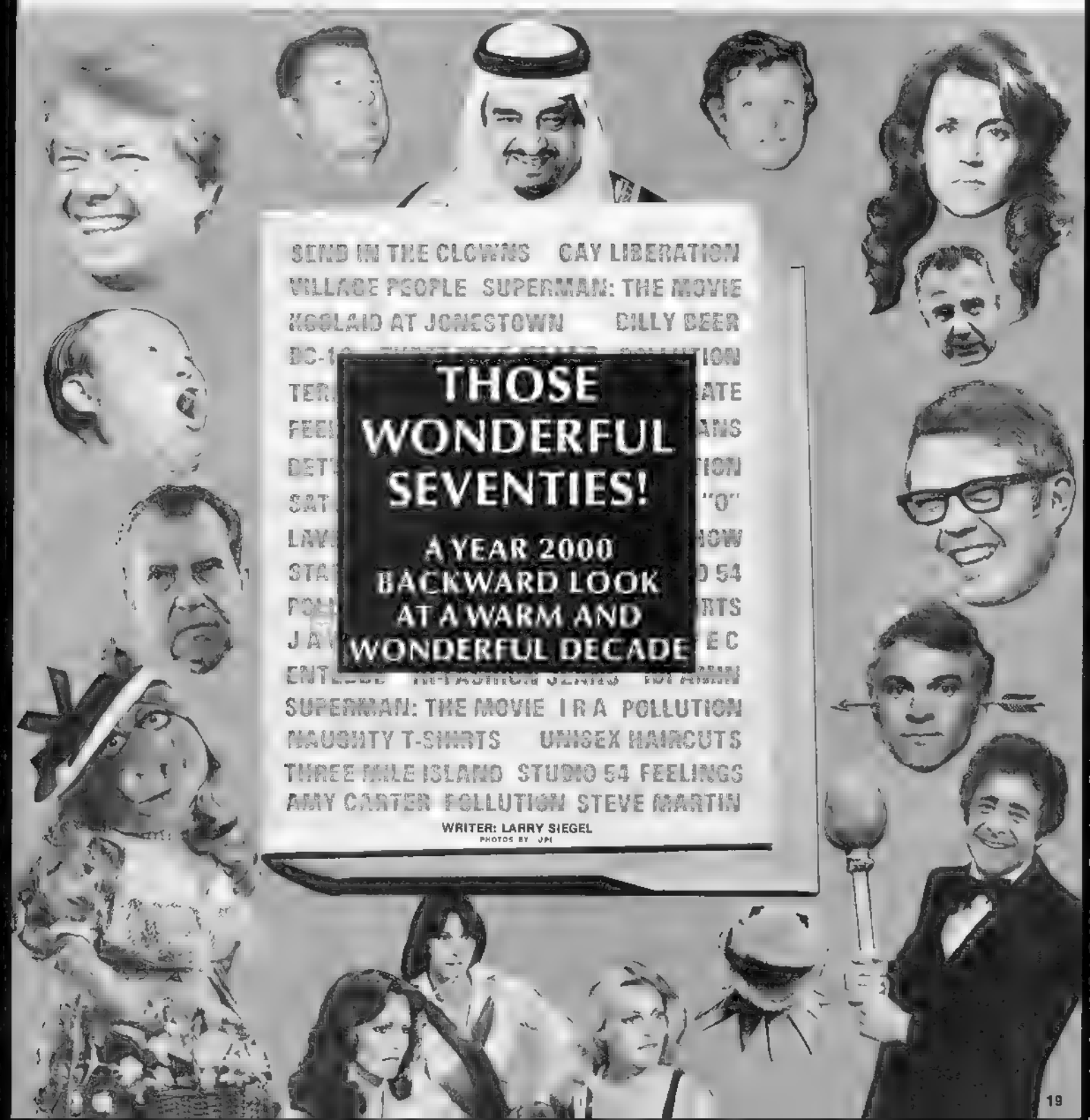
ARE YOU HAPPY NOW . . .

. . . that you finally got the nerve to move out of your parents' house . . . and your roommate is even more of a nag?


CDY VS CDY
CLICK

DECADE-DENSE DEPT.

One of the most popular pastimes in this country today is "nostalgia." People seem to enjoy reminiscing about the past. And the largest group of reminiscers is the "over-30" crowd. Naturally, they're forever taking fond backward looks at the decades they grew up in . . . the '40's and '50's. Which is pretty boring for you people who weren't even born then. But it got us to thinking, and it suddenly hit us that there's a 50-50 chance that some of you teenagers out there may get to be "over 30" yourselves someday, and you'll be doing your own reminiscing about the decade you grew up in. So let's just project ourselves into the future, and see what "nostalgia" will be like . . . with


SEND IN THE CLOWNS GAY LIBERATION
VILLAGE PEOPLE SUPERMAN: THE MOVIE
KOOLAID AT JONESTOWN DILLY BEER
THOSE WONDERFUL SEVENTIES!
A YEAR 2000 BACKWARD LOOK AT A WARM AND WONDERFUL DECADE
SUPERMAN: THE MOVIE I R A POLLUTION
NAUGHTY T-SHIRTS UNISEX HAIRCUTS
THREE MILE ISLAND STUDIO 54 FEELINGS
AMY CARTER POLLUTION STEVE MARTIN
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL
PHOTOS BY JPI

Who remembers the silly Nuke plants they used to build?

The Power on Earth that superseded all others . . . Oilmen.

High gas prices sent the cost of living through the roof.

Remember "gas-guzzlers," and those long, long gas lines?

Well, here we are in the year 2000, full of memories and nostalgia. How many of you can still remember way back to those wild, wonderful, wacky 1970's? What a decade that was! Ready for a trip down Memory Lane?

Ah memories . . . Who recalls that kooky bunch of scientists we had back in those days? Remember all those crazy fads they started? Anyone still remember nuclear power? Who recalls those silly nuke plants they used to build? And those screwy radiation leaks? Who remembers Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania? Who remembers Pennsylvania? What a fun state. We don't know about you, but *we* sure miss it. We also miss Virginia, West Virginia, and both Carolinas. Somehow New York still seems kind of funny, sitting out there on top of Georgia. Memories . . . memories . . .

Hey, what about the other goofy things those scientists used to come up with back then? Was it really more than 20 years ago that all of us were giggling at stuff like PCB's, dioxins, and fluorocarbons? It seems like only yesterday. Come to think of it, it *was* yesterday that people *still* died laughing because of it. Fun? It just never seemed to stop.

Who recalls the great religious revival back in the 70's? Remember how Catholics once again returned to their priests. And the priests, bishops, and cardinals had a new respect for the Pope? And the Pope—and everyone else in the world—sought guidance and eternal salvation from the one Power that supersedes all others on Heaven and Earth—the Oilmen!

Weren't those Oilmen something else? Remember no matter how depressed or down in the dumps we used to be, it was always April Fool's Day, Halloween, and New Year's Eve all rolled up into one for those lovable nuts? Remember how, just when we thought we would never be able to drive again, they lifted our spirits, increased our morale, and raised their prices? Remember that time back in the 70's when gasoline prices shot up over 100% and played havoc with the economy and sent the cost of living through the roof. What a day *that* was!

Hey, who recalls "gas-guzzlers" and those long lines at the gas stations? Remember how it all started in California and pretty soon people were lining up in New York? Remember how everyone laughed when people in New York discovered they were really lined up for gas stations in California? There was just no end to the fun.

Who still recalls "odd and even?" Remember how you checked the last number on your license plate with the day of the month before you got gas. Remember the time 150 motorists with the wrong plates were killed

It was a time when everyone was coming out of the closet.

trying to sneak in on line? Now *that* was an odd day!

Remember the unisex look of the 60's, when men looked like women and women looked like men? Well, all that changed. In the 70's men *were* women and women *were* men! How's *that* for progress? Remember how everyone was coming out of the closet? Which was just as well. Remember what used to go on *inside* the closet? Boy, how the good times rolled.

Who remembers skateboards and ten-speed bikes? What about those sappy mod roller skates with the rubber wheels? They never made a sound. Until you went head-on into a passing old lady. Then man, what a racket those teeth and eye-glasses made when they hit the sidewalk! Why don't we have fun like that anymore? What's happened to us?

Who remembers those hilarious rear bumper stickers? And what about those even funnier T-shirt messages girls used to wear across their *front* bumpers? Remember "Good And Plenty"? Which led to "There's Gold In Them Thar Hills!" Which led to "Welcome To Mt. Rushmore!" Which led to rape, and a thousand and one other daffy, madcap fads of that irresistible era.

Do you still recall all those popular expressions of the decade? Like "mellow" and "laid-back" and "macho?" Remember all those macho characters of the time? Burt Reynolds, Frank Sinatra, Muhammad Ali, Bella Abzug? What about "Women's Lib?" Remember those great champions of the female image – Jane Fonda, Gloria Steinem, Alice Cooper?

Who remembers trial marriages? Trial divorces? Trial kids? And who will ever forget those test-tube babies who grew up and sang songs like, "I Want A Girl Just Like The Girl Who Married A Dear Old Syringe?" Memories . . . memories . . .

We sure had some great comedians in the 70's. Remember Steve Martin, Bob Hope, Woody Allen? And what about those super comedy teams like Rowan and Martin, the Captain and Tennille, and the funniest of them all–Nixon and Agnew? Remember their hilarious take-off on the old Abbott and Costello routine, "Who's On First?" Only *they* called it, "Who's In Jail?" Remember the boffo punch-line to their routine? "I am not a crook!" It nearly brought down the House! And it broke up the Senate, too!

Remember how Nixon formed a new comedy act with another great performer, Jolly Gerry Ford? Remember how we all howled when old Ger' tried to walk and chew gum at the same time? Remember the screamingly funny song in *their* act? "Pardon Me, Boy, It's Just A Matter Of A Boo-Boo!" They don't write 'em like that anymore.

Who recalls 10-speed bikes and sappy mod roller skates?

And what about all those hilarious rear bumper stickers?

Who remembers those great champions of the female image?

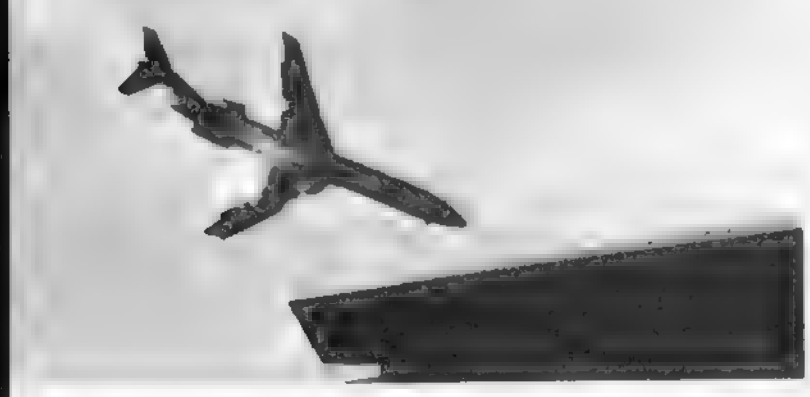
Nixon & Agnew nearly brought down the House—and Senate.

And then Nixon formed a new comedy act with Jolly Jerry.

And then came Jimmy Carter and his fun-loving menagerie.

Good ol' Hef! They just don't make 'em like him any more.

Air travel was really something back in those crazy '70's.



Will you ever forget zany Reverend Moon and his Moonies?

Hey, speaking of songs, remember, "Send In The Clowns"? And then along came Jimmy Carter. Remember the menagerie he brought along with him? Remember the fun-loving monkey, Billy, and how he always got out of his cage? The only animal act in history that fed peanuts to the people! Ah, memories . . .

We'll say one thing, we sure made incredible progress in the area of crime in the 70's. Yes sir, in those days it was bigger than ever. Remember a bank robbery back then? You really took your life in your hands when you entered a bank. And once you recovered from those ridiculously high loan interest rates, you had to worry about the *other* robbers—with the guns!

Remember crime in the streets? Crime in the home? Remember how we used to bolt our windows, double-lock our doors, and buy attack dogs? But the landlord *still* managed to get in to dispossess us when we couldn't pay those outlandish rent increases! Ah, the evergreen residue of a glorious past.

Remember sex in the 70's? You do? We don't even remember it *yesterday!* There goes that wacky nuclear leak again! Hey, remember how at the end of the decade *Playboy* and *Penthouse* ran clear out of new, exciting things to show on the human female form? Who would dream that in 1982 Hugh Hefner would come up with those terrific chest x-rays, fluoroscopes, and proctology reports on his February Playmate, Peppy Pupu? Good old Hef. They don't make them like him anymore. And considering his age now, he doesn't make *them* anymore either!

Air travel was really something in the 70's. Remember how it took five hours to go from Philadelphia to Los Angeles in a 747? Three hours to go from Paris to New York in an SST? And a minute and a half to go from Chicago to Heaven in a DC-10? Those were the days . . .

Hey, who still remembers the nutty airport terrorists? Remember how every time we came up against them, we never knew if we would live or die? Yep, we sure miss those Hare Krishna solicitors!

We all recall how Earthmen took over the moon in the 60's. What about the big switch in the 70's when a Moon took over the earth? Will you ever forget zany Rev. Moon and his Moonies? What a sanitary bunch. Every night he would clean out their pockets, and every morning he would wash their brains!

Kids sure had interesting career choices back in those days. They could either become rich, successful businessmen, or else they could be dirty, foul-mouthed, anti-social, vicious animals. And then again they could always join a Punk Rock group and become *both!* Memories . . . memories . . .

Anyone still remember tight jeans and "Saturday Night Fever?" What about loose sex and Sunday morning diseases? What ever became of our wonderful past?

Hey, speaking of films, who remembers "Jaws?" "The Poseidon Adventure?" And that great tear-jerker, "Love Story?" Yes sir, movies were wetter than ever.

And still on the same subject what about Warner's and Paramount? Newman and Redford? Cheech and

Chong? Popcorn and kid porn? We sure knew where our children were in those days. Either in the theater or on the screen! And either way we knew exactly what they were doing at all times. Unfortunately! But, hey, this is no time for a long face, right, gang? Onward and upward. Think positively about a fabulous decade.

Like, how about television? Remember "Three's Company"? "Laverne And Shirley"? "Diff'rent Strokes"? And what about the *comedy* shows? Like "Hawaii 5-0," and, oh God, so many others. Anyone still recall "The Ropers"? Remember that screamingly funny bit about middle-aged Stanley and how rotten he was in bed? Remember how hard we laughed at that joke? Forty times a show . . . Twenty-four shows a season . . . Twenty-eight reruns a year!

Bet you won't forget "60 Minutes," the show where they discussed important issues of the day like abortion, birth control, and capital punishment. Remember that doctor on it who once spoke out strongly in favor of mercy killing for the incurably ill? Remember how in spite of that, Chuck Barris *still* lived? Remember how Chuckie-baby came up with this great idea for a weekly series called, "The Gong Show," in which you got together a group of morons and had them give idiotic performances with no point, rhyme, or reason? Remember how he was sued by the producers of "Hello Larry" for stealing *their* idea? Wow, talk about your crazy times!

Remember how in the 70's the men from Nippon pulled another Pearl Harbor and attacked us again? This time with their wallets. Remember how the Japanese started buying up all our real estate? Until the Arabs came along and started buying up all the Japanese!

What a bunch of crazy kids we were in those days. We used to get high on grass, stoned on coke, and then we all went to hell on Angel Dust. Until we woke up one day and said, "Hey, if we want to grow up to be adults in an adult world, we have to *act* like adults!" So we all got bombed on booze! Our parents were sure proud of us—whenever they were sober. Memories . . . memories . . .

Didn't that era produce some wacko characters? Remember the big Koolaid bash that irrepressible nut Jim Jones threw for his followers in South America? And what about that carefree sap who used to run Uganda? Remember *his* slogan for Black Africa: "From the cradle to the grave, with no stops in between, Brought to you, courtesy of Idi Amin."

And what about the PLO and the IRA? Remember them? Remember they came up with this great idea, that the best way to get their Homeland back was to blow it off the map? What a fun era.

Ah, memories . . . Where do you start and where do you stop? How we laughed and sang and danced as we wiped up the ground with each other and blew up our cities and destroyed our land and wildlife and polluted our air and ruined our water and did a thousand other loony things. Nothing can ever match that silly, cockeyed decade, right?

Wrong!

Come around when we reminisce about the 80's!

Yes, sir, back in the '70's, movies were wetter than ever!

Chuckie-baby came up with a great idea for a weekly show.

Remember that nut, Jim Jones, and his big "Kool-aid" bash?

And what about the PLO and the IRA . . . ? What a "fun" era!

THE FAHRENHEIT OF ABSURDITY DEPT.

A COLLECTION OF VITAL TEMP

THE MAD TH

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

12°

...is the temperature of the average toilet seat on the average Winter morning.

95°

...is the minimum the temperature always is when your air conditioner konks out.

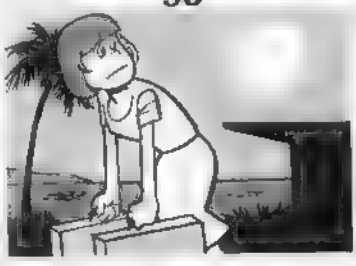
52°

...is how much warmer the Kiddie Wading Pool always is compared to the Adult pool.

23.7°

...is the difference in the temperature between your first and second slices of Pizza.

98°



...and sunny is always the temperature the day you have to leave a vacation resort.

27.3°

...is how much cooler the wind against your ears feels right after a short haircut.

110°

...is the temperature of your dog's breath whenever he pants over you while you're sleeping.

38°

...is how much colder it always is at the cemetery when you attend a funeral.

315°

...is the temperature inside the sneakers of the winner of the annual Boston Marathon.

9°

...is the average temperature of your Doctor's stethoscope when he tries to examine you.

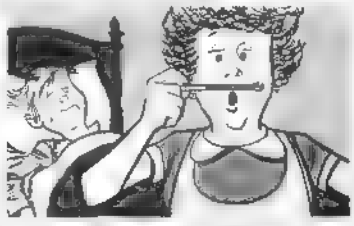
57°

...is how much the water temperature in your shower changes in the three seconds between when you adjust it perfectly until you step into the tub under it.

ERATURE READINGS FOUND ON ERMOMETER

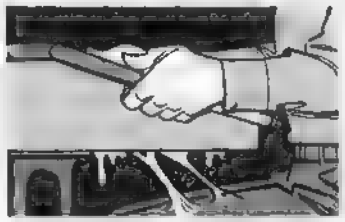
WRITER: JOHN FICARRA

103.7°



...is your temperature when your Mother finally announces to the world, "I think it's time we called the Doctor!"

75.5°



...is the temperature when the chewing gum stuck to the bottom of your school desk starts to get yecchy again.

104.5°

...is the minimum the temperature must be for your Mother not to say as you go out... "Take a sweater for later on!"

25°

...is how much the temperature of the food ordered in a restaurant drops from the time it leaves the kitchen until the time the waiter serves it to you.

35°

...is how much your temperature rises when a girl you want to impress tells you your fly is open.

34.4°

...is the hottest those artificial heating lamps will ever keep fast-food French fries.

768°

...is the temperature of the average tenement in the South Bronx on an average evening.

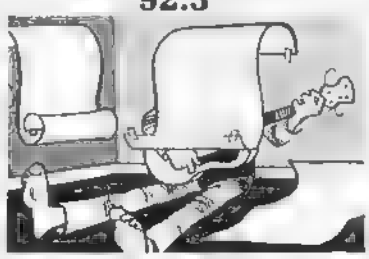
91°

...is how hot it has to be before Johnny Carson can do a joke about how hot it is.

4000°

...is the temperature inside your car's overheated radiator when you take the cap off.

92.3°

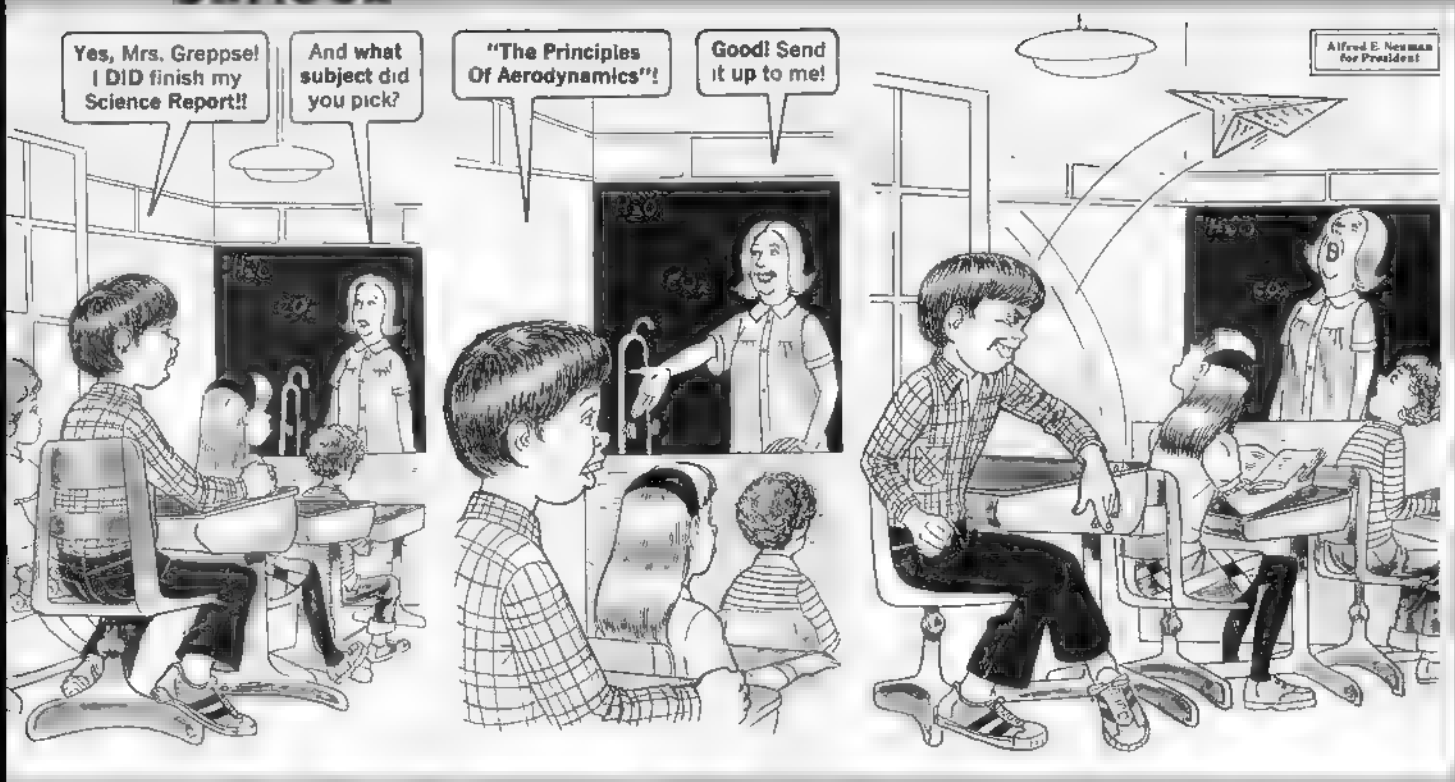


...and humid is the temperature when the tape holding up your posters gives out.

212°

...was the temperature in your fish tank the night the electric heater went haywire.

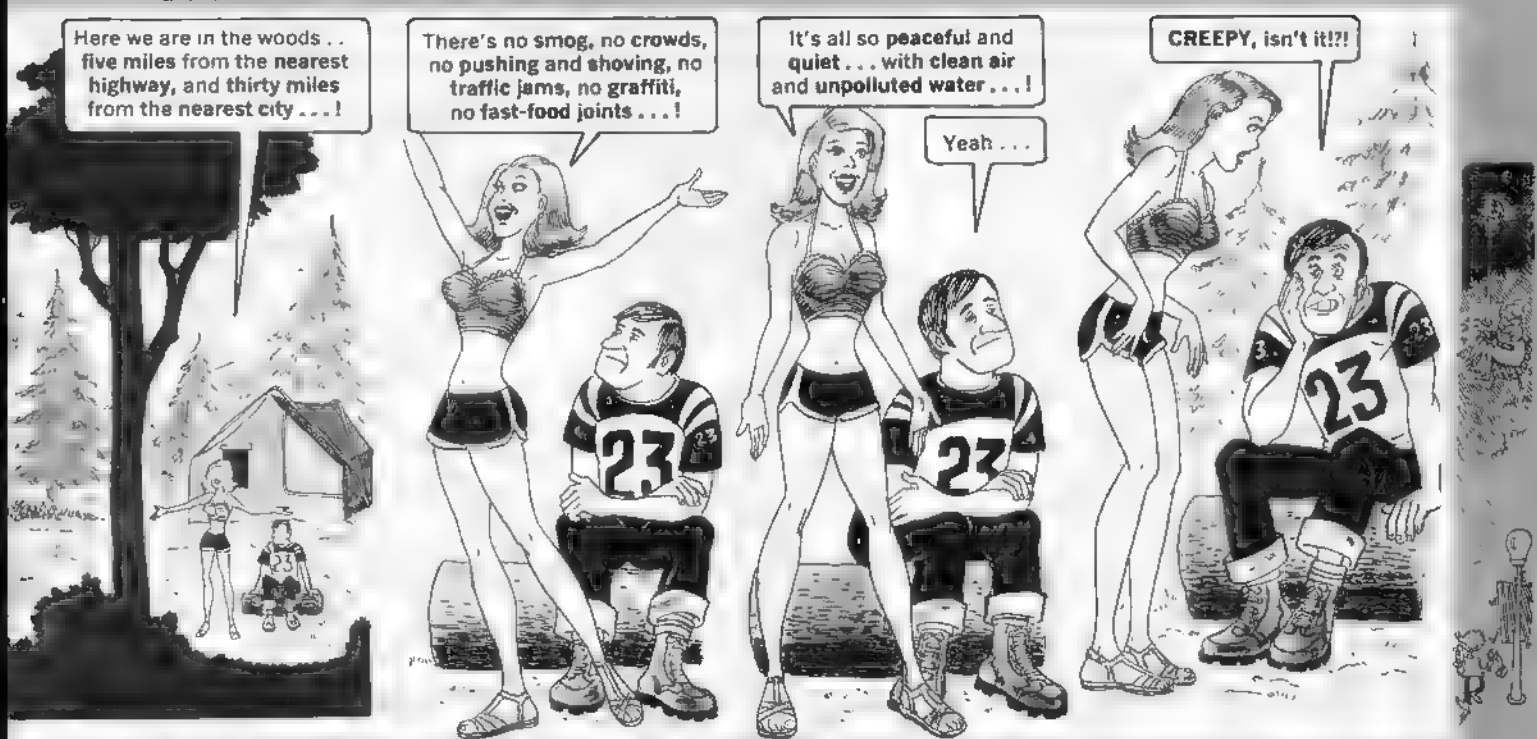
SCHOOL


Yes, Mrs. Greppse! I DID finish my Science Report!!
And what subject did you pick?
"The Principles Of Aerodynamics"!
Good! Send it up to me!
Alfred E. Neuman for President

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

THE ENVIRONMENT


Here we are in the woods . . five miles from the nearest highway, and thirty miles from the nearest city . . . !
There's no smog, no crowds, no pushing and shoving, no traffic jams, no graffiti, no fast-food joints . . . !
It's all so peaceful and quiet . . . with clean air and unpolluted water . . . !
Yeah . . .
CREEPY, isn't it!?!
23

BUDGETS

I'm going to the Shopping Center!
Oh, oh!
That means you're going on a wild spending spree, and you'll probably over-extend our budget again this month!
Don't be silly! I'm ONLY going WINDOW SHOPPING . . .
Well, that's a relief!
. . . so I'll only need FIFTY DOLLARS!!

R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

PARENTS

For years, I scrimped and saved so I could send my Son to college! So what happens? Ever since he left, he hasn't written or called home even once!
Alfred E. Neuman for President
I don't know what to do!
You want your kid to call? It's easy! I know how to make him get in touch with you quickly!
Write him a letter telling him you've enclosed a check for a hundred bucks!
How's that going to get him to call me?!?
DON'T enclose the check!

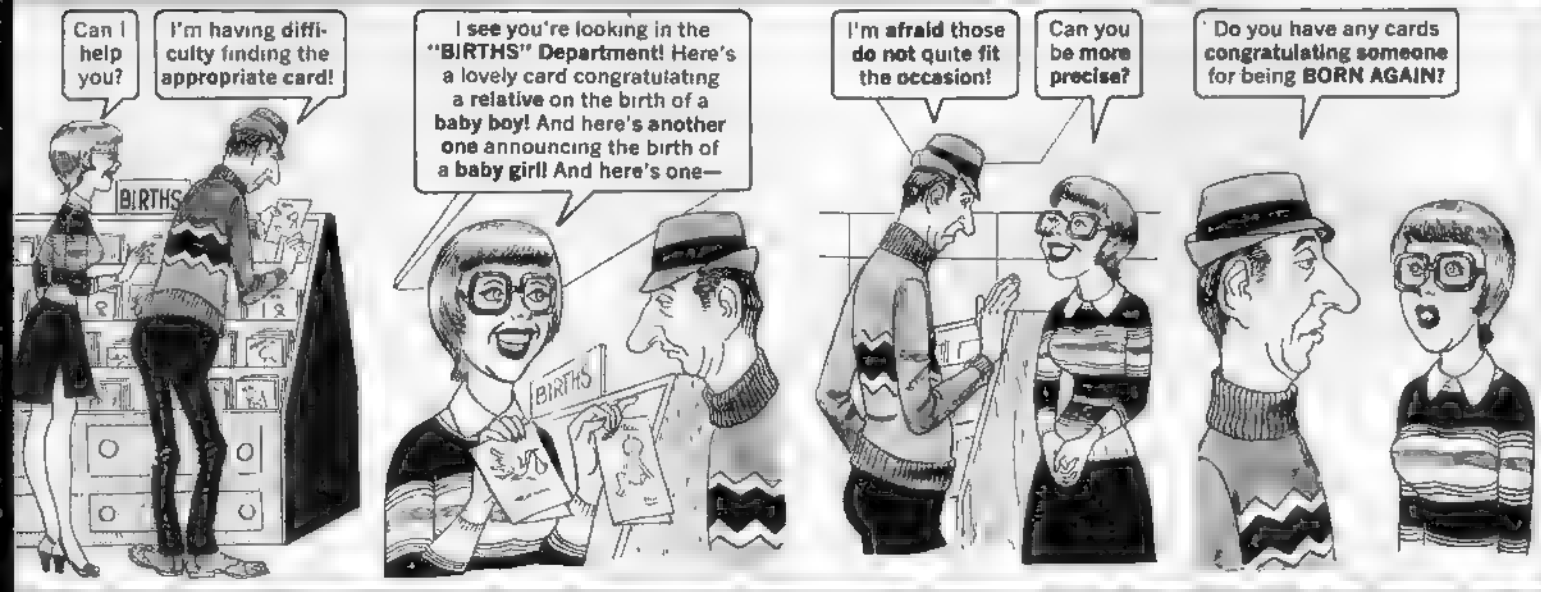
SHOPPING

Wouldn't you know it!? I got everything at the Supermarket but the thing I went for! I have a memory like a sieve!!
I TOLD you to get a pad and to nail it up on the kitchen wall, and every time you need something, to WRITE IT DOWN!!
I DID all that!!
So . . . ? Where's the list?!?
On the kitchen wall . . . where you told me to PUT it!!

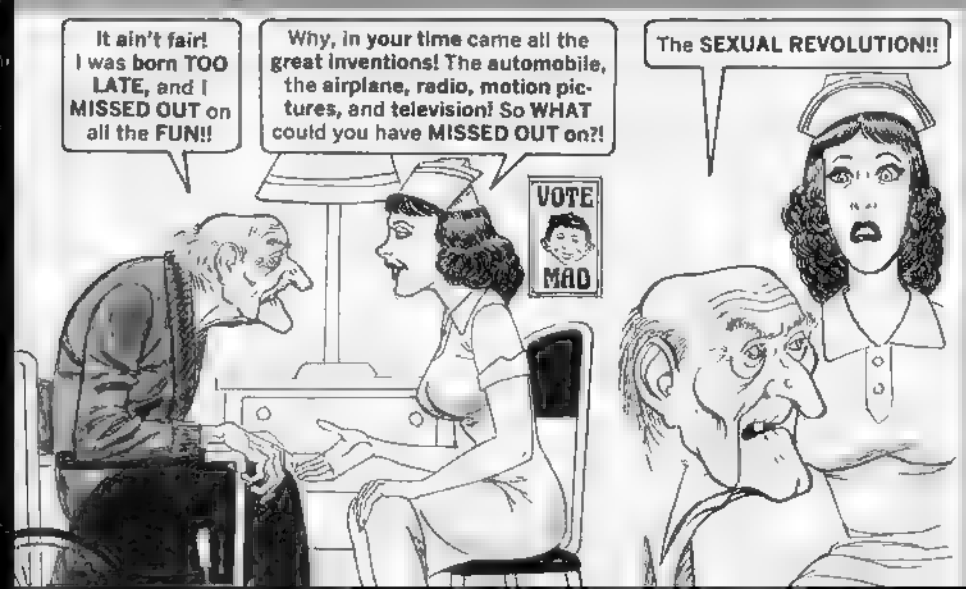
DATING

You complain that when we date, I never take you out to dinner! Well, tonight, I'm taking you to a very special place where the food is absolutely scrumptious!
Oh, goody . . .

GREETING CARDS


Can I help you?
I'm having difficulty finding the appropriate card!
BIRTHS
I see you're looking in the "BIRTHS" Department! Here's a lovely card congratulating a relative on the birth of a baby boy! And here's another one announcing the birth of a baby girl! And here's one—
I'm afraid those do not quite fit the occasion!
Can you be more precise?
Do you have any cards congratulating someone for being BORN AGAIN?

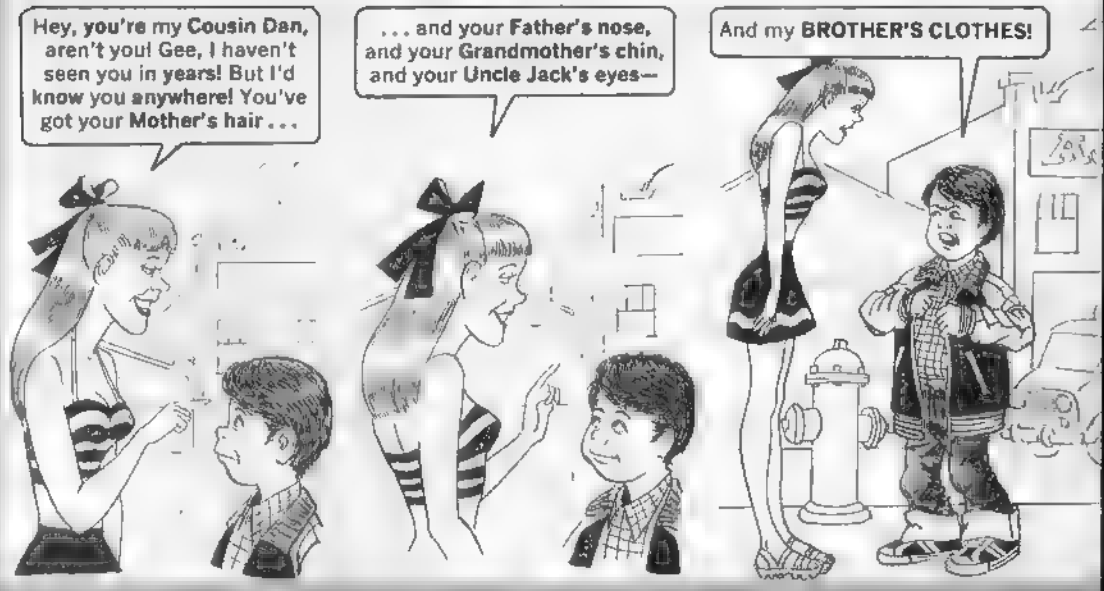
OLD AGE


It ain't fair! I was born TOO LATE, and I MISSED OUT on all the FUN!!
Why, in your time came all the great inventions! The automobile, the airplane, radio, motion pictures, and television! So WHAT could you have MISSED OUT on?!
VOTE MAD
The SEXUAL REVOLUTION!!

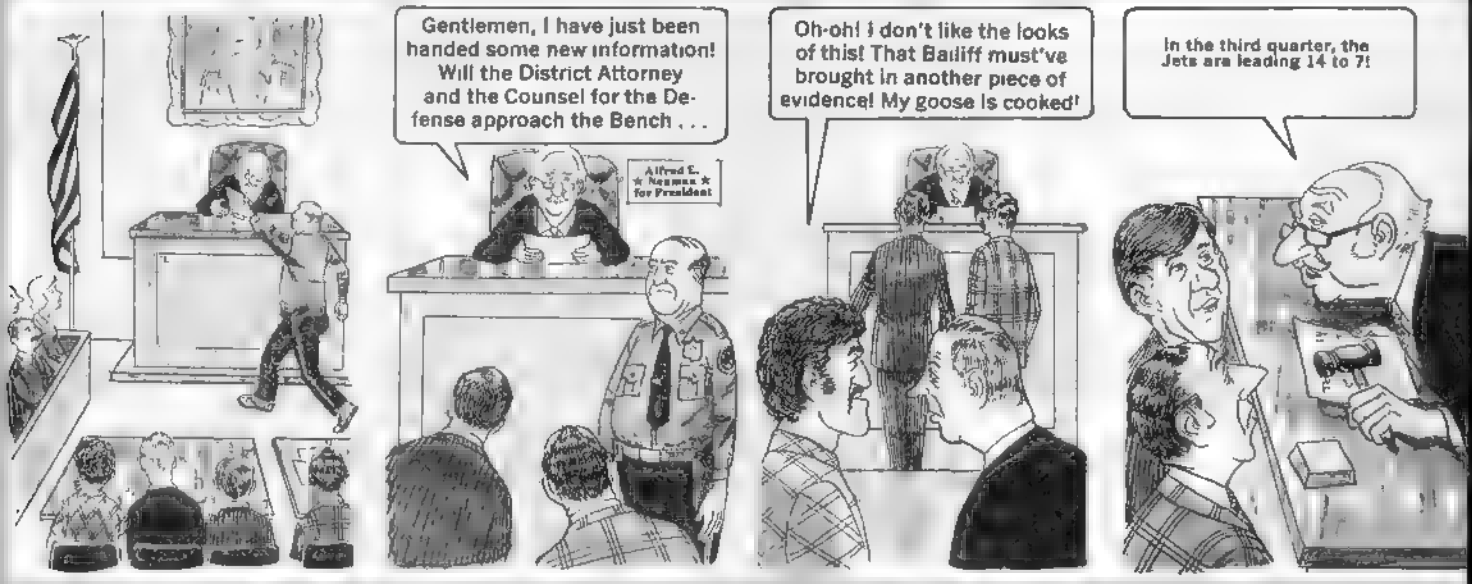
TRADITION

This family recipe has been passed down from generation to generation . . . and now, it's your turn to receive the secret ingredients . . .
But Grandma! This tastes terrible!

THE FAMILY


Hey, you're my Cousin Dan, aren't you! Gee, I haven't seen you in years! But I'd know you anywhere! You've got your Mother's hair . . .
. . . and your Father's nose, and your Grandmother's chin, and your Uncle Jack's eyes—
And my BROTHER'S CLOTHES!

THE LAW


Gentlemen, I have just been handed some new information! Will the District Attorney and the Counsel for the Defense approach the Bench . . .
Alfred E. Neuman for President
Oh-oh! I don't like the looks of this! That Bailiff must've brought in another piece of evidence! My goose is cooked!
In the third quarter, the Jets are leading 14 to 7!

GIFT-GIVING

. . . and for being a good little girl all year, here's a little something for you . . .
Mary Lou! What do you SAY to the nice Department Store Santa when he gives you something?
To SANTA
CHARGE IT!!

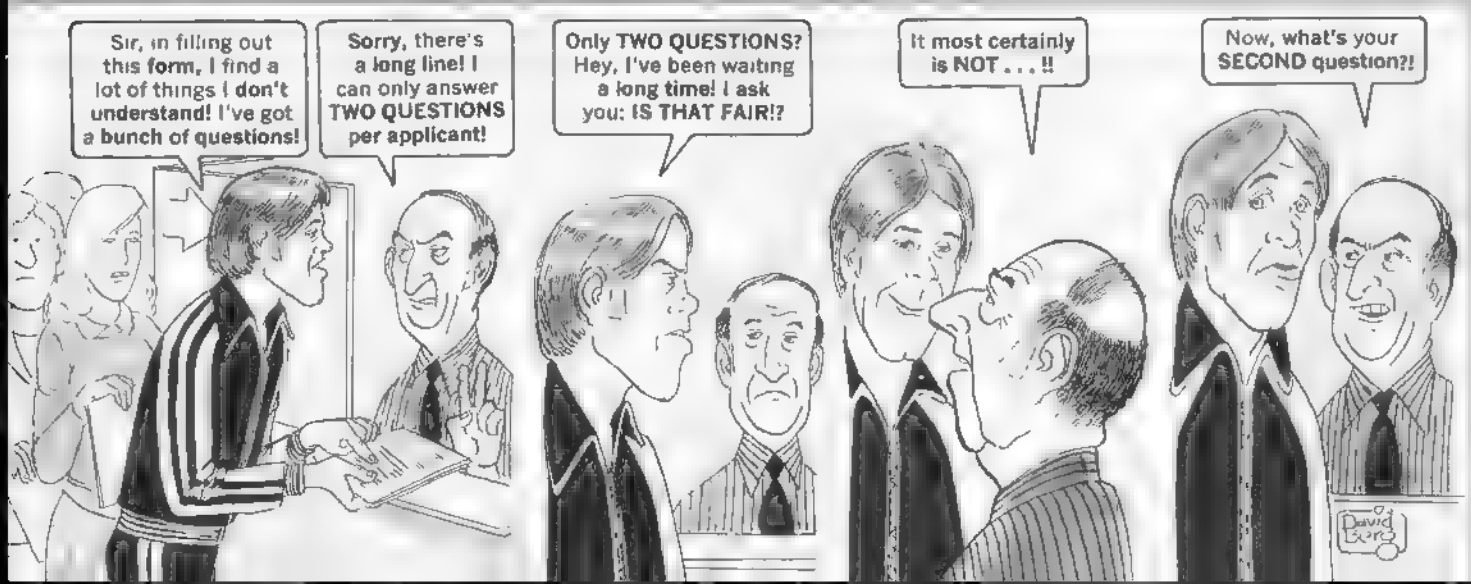
THE ECONOMY

I wasn't always this way!
Once upon a time, I had a good job, a beautiful home, sound investments, and a little nest egg socked away in the bank!
Then, one morning, I woke up to find that they had repossessed all my things, my mortgage had been foreclosed and I was bankrupt!
What happened to all your money?!?
I'd SQUANDERED it all . . . at the SUPERMARKET!
Alfred E. Neuman for President

BUREAUCRACY

Why aren't you skating?
For one thing, I'm FREEZING! And for another thing, I don't skate so good!
YOU, on the other hand, are a fantastic skater! The way you skate backwards and make those spins is a sight to behold! You should be out there skating . . . while I sit here and admire you!
Gee! I never thought I was THAT good! In that case, I WILL go out on the ice!

ATHLETICS


Sir, in filling out this form, I find a lot of things I don't understand! I've got a bunch of questions!
Sorry, there's a long line! I can only answer TWO QUESTIONS per applicant!
Only TWO QUESTIONS? Hey, I've been waiting a long time! I ask you: IS THAT FAIR!?
It most certainly is NOT . . . !!
Now, what's your SECOND question?!
David Burg

GETTING EVEN DEPT.

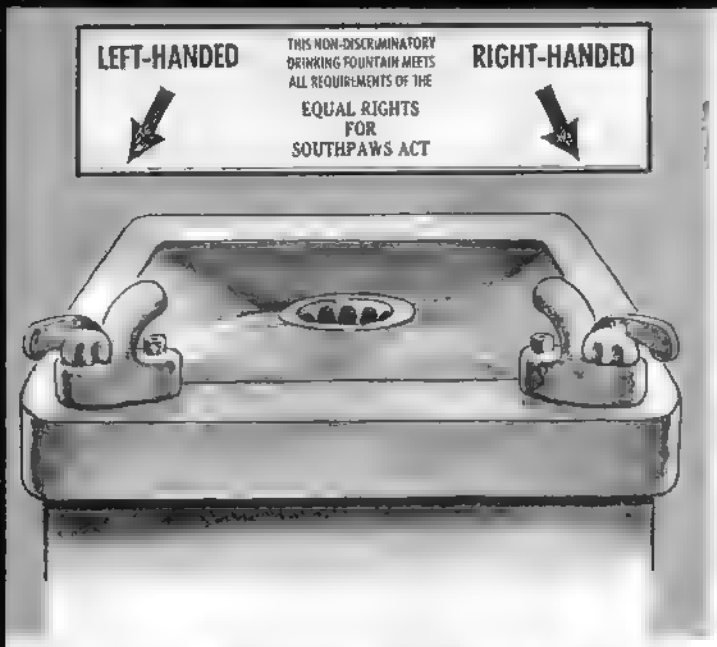
When Women's Libbers or Racial Leaders or Gay Protestors talk about "Equal Rights," they usually mean Equal Rights for their own people, but not necessarily for everyone. This misunderstanding can cause big problems in a country like ours where most people belong to several different minority groups by reason of their race, religion, height, weight, occupation, personality quirks, intelligence, politics or preference for chunky-style peanut butter over plain. MAD maintains that matters won't get any better until laws exist that treat every one of these forgotten minorities equally—whether they want equal treatment or not. Here's a peek at what the future may hold.

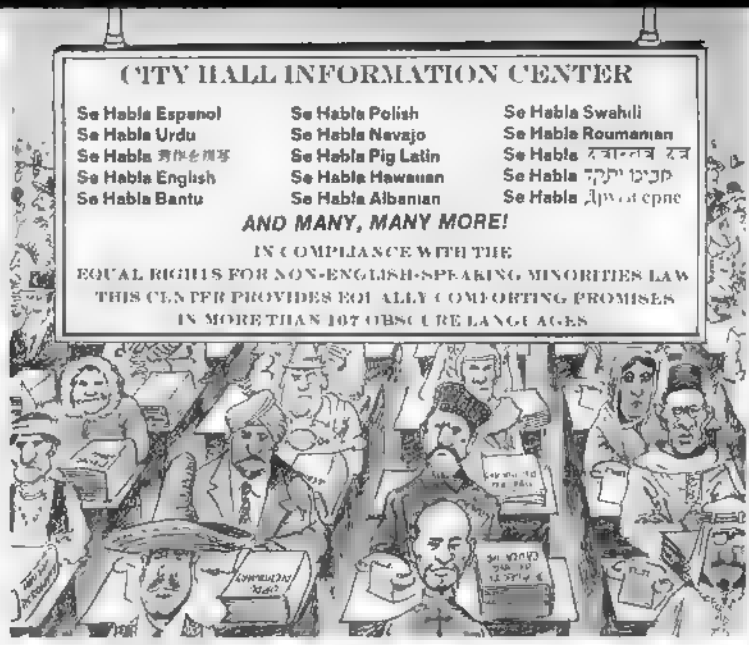
IF WE EVER HAVE REAL EQUAL RIGHTS LAWS

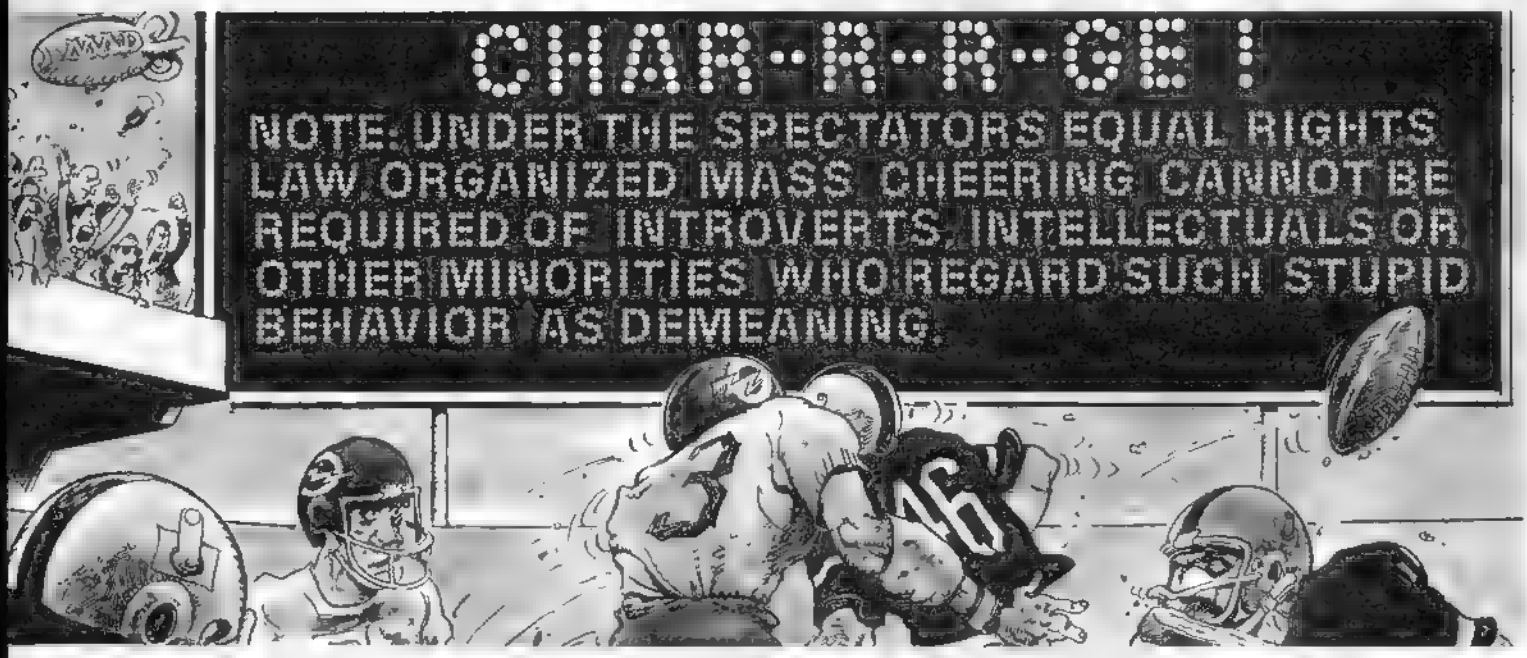
ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: TOM KOCH

PASSENGERS WITH NO HANG-UPS
PASSENGERS WITH CLAUSTROPHOBIA
THIS AIRLINE COMPLIES WITH ALL PROVISIONS OF THE EQUAL RIGHTS FOR NEUROTICS LAW

THIS SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT AREA COMPLIES WITH THE EQUAL RIGHTS FOR PEOPLE OF ALL HEIGHTS ACT
FIVE FEET TALL OR UNDER
FIVE-FEET-ONE TO SIX-FEET-FOUR
SIX-FEET-FOUR AND OVER


LEFT-HANDED
THIS NON-DISCRIMINATORY DRINKING FOUNTAIN MEETS ALL REQUIREMENTS OF THE EQUAL RIGHTS FOR SOUTHPAWS ACT
RIGHT-HANDED


CITY HALL INFORMATION CENTER
Se Habla Espanol
Se Habla Urdu
Se Habla English
Se Habla Bantu
Se Habla Polish
Se Habla Navajo
Se Habla Pig Latin
Se Habla Hawaiian
Se Habla Albanian
Se Habla Swahili
Se Habla Roumanian
AND MANY, MANY MORE!
IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE EQUAL RIGHTS FOR NON-ENGLISH-SPEAKING MINORITIES LAW THIS CENTER PROVIDES EQUALLY COMFORTING PROMISES IN MORE THAN 107 OBSCURE LANGUAGES


CHAR-R-R-GE!
NOTE: UNDER THE SPECTATORS EQUAL RIGHTS LAW ORGANIZED MASS CHEERING CANNOT BE REQUIRED OF INTROVERTS, INTELLECTUALS OR OTHER MINORITIES WHO REGARD SUCH STUPID BEHAVIOR AS DEMEANING.

NATIONAL VEEBLEFETZER

Dear siR:

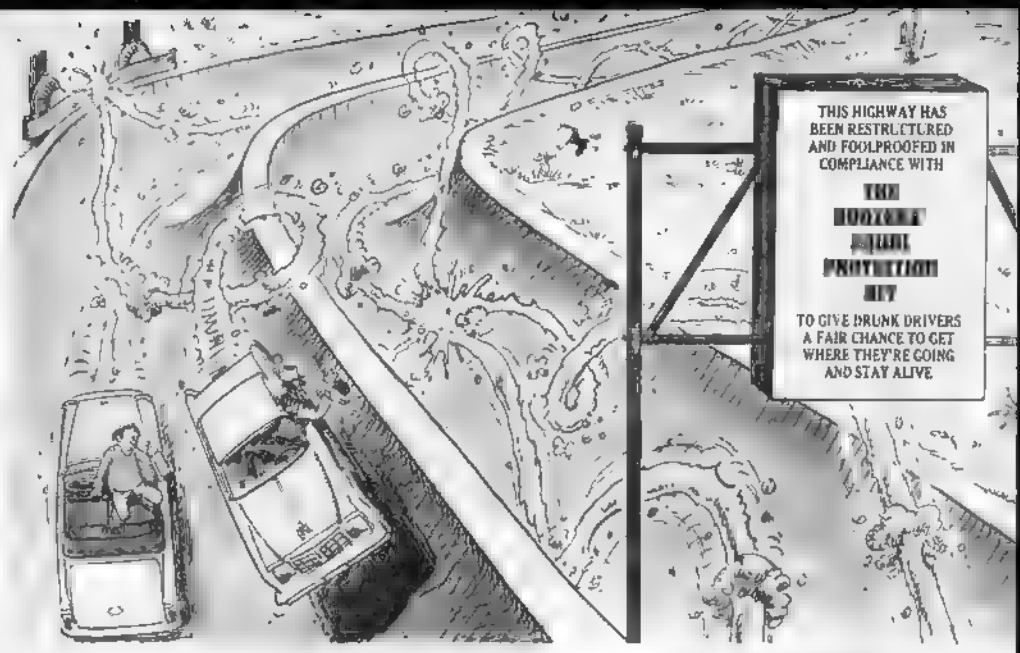
In response to your XXXXXX letter of Jan. 16, this is to infrom you that shipmint was despaTched as per your instrctions from our WXXY

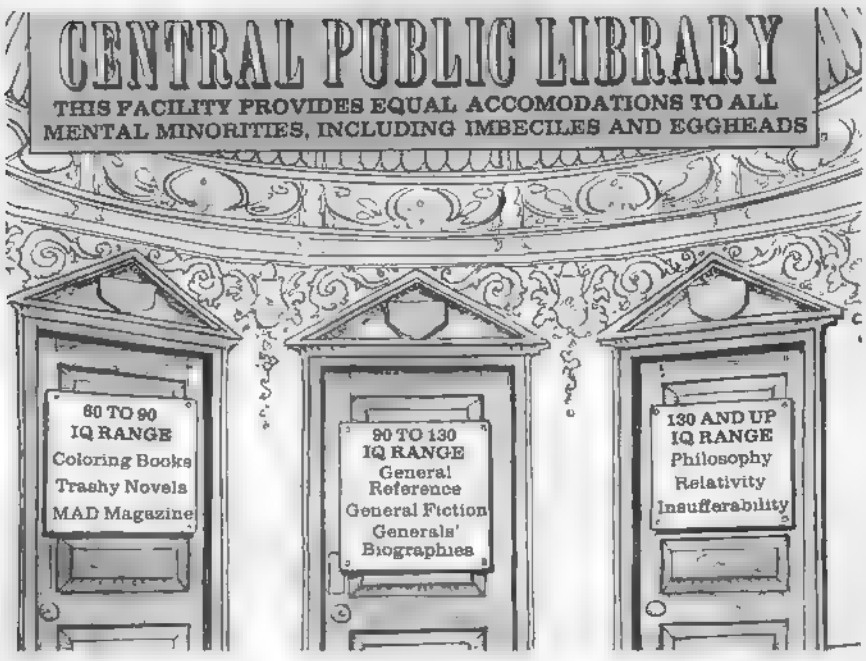
ATTENTION– MANAGEMENT PERSONNEL!

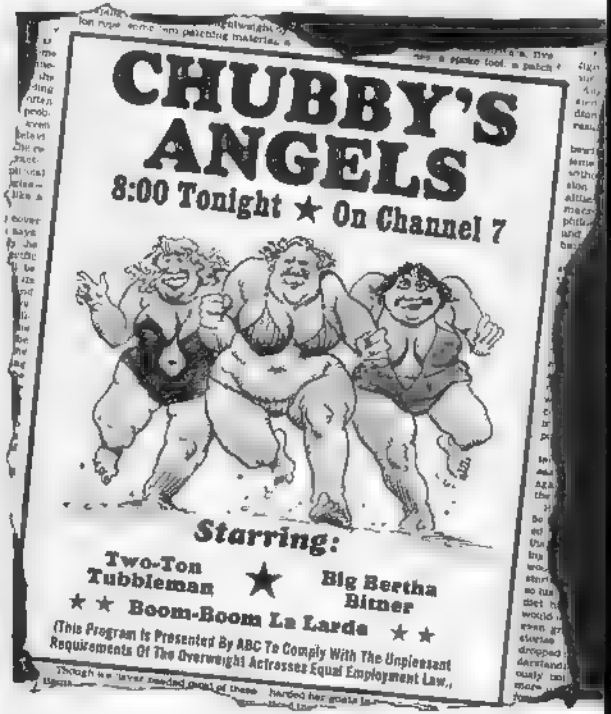
THE 1982 OFFICE WORKERS RIGHTS ACT MAKES IT UNLAWFUL TO DISCRIMINATE AGAINST TYPISTS SOLELY ON THE BASIS OF THEIR INCOMPETENCE. EXECUTIVES WHO VIOLATE THIS LAW BY DEMANDING THAT UNACCEPTABLE WORK BE RE-DONE ARE SUBJECT TO FINE, OR IMPRISONMENT, OR BOTH, FOR SHOWING UNDUE FAVORITISM TO DILIGENT WORKERS.

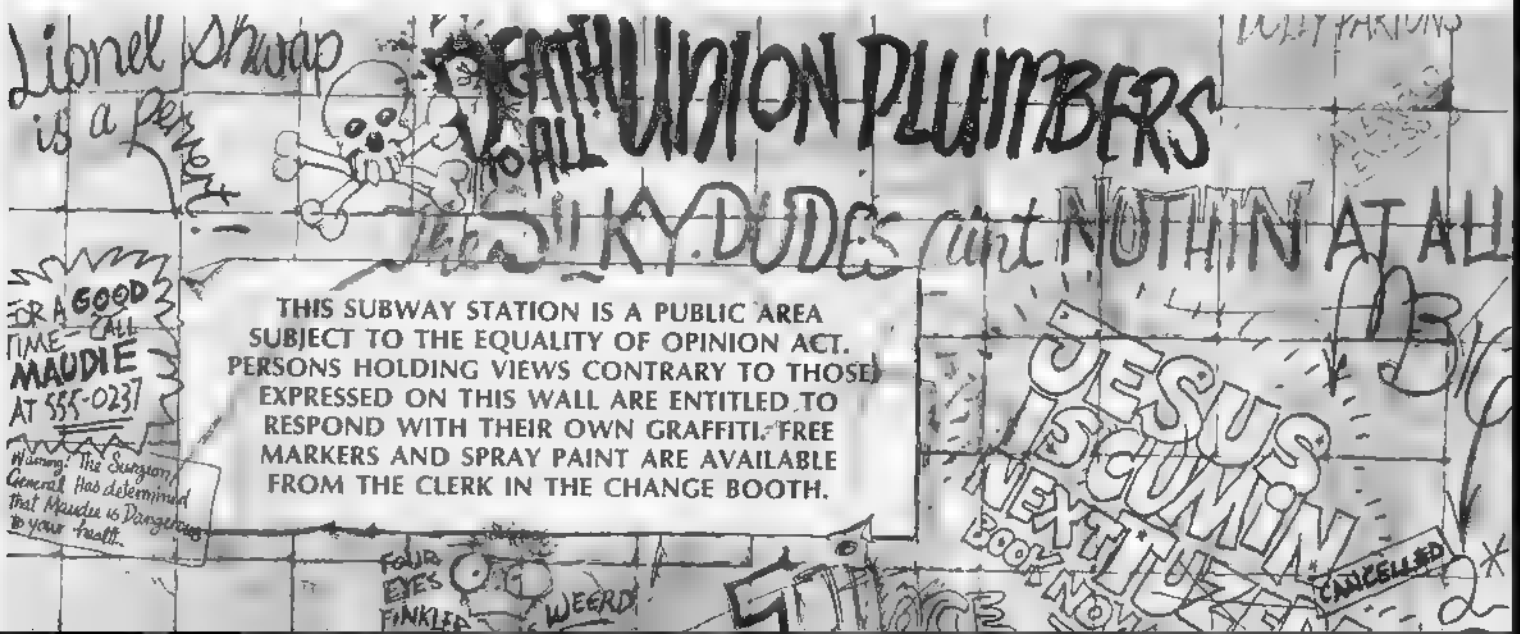
ATTENTION GIRLS!
IT IS A VIOLATION OF THE
EQUAL RIGHTS
FOR UGLY GUYS
AMENDMENT
FOR YOU TO DATE DESIREABLE MEN EXCLUSIVELY. SIGN UP HERE FOR YOUR REQUIRED NIGHT OUT WITH A TRULY GROSS TURKEY.

Flack & Drecker
FOAM RUBBER HAMMER
THIS TOOL HAS BEEN MANUFACTURED IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE EQUAL RIGHTS FOR KLUTZES LAW, AND IS GUARANTEED NOT TO BRUISE THE FINGERS OF THE MOST CLUMSY USER. THIS KLUTZ'S RUBBER HAMMER IS ALSO GUARANTEED TO PERFORM ALL OF THE FUNCTIONS OF THE MANUFACTURER'S REGULAR MODEL, EXCEPT FOR DRIVING NAILS OR DOING SIMILAR THINGS THAT MIGHT CAUSE A KLUTZ TO DAMAGE OR HURT HIMSELF


THIS HIGHWAY HAS BEEN RESTRUCTURED AND FOOLPROOFED IN COMPLIANCE WITH
THE
DRUNKARD'S
EQUAL
PROTECTION
ACT
TO GIVE DRUNK DRIVERS A FAIR CHANCE TO GET WHERE THEY'RE GOING AND STAY ALIVE


CENTRAL PUBLIC LIBRARY
THIS FACILITY PROVIDES EQUAL ACCOMODATIONS TO ALL MENTAL MINORITIES, INCLUDING IMBECILES AND EGGHEADS
60 TO 90 IQ RANGE
Coloring Books
Trashy Novels
MAD Magazine
90 TO 130 IQ RANGE
General Reference
General Fiction
Generals' Biographies
130 AND UP IQ RANGE
Philosophy
Relativity
Insufferability


CHUBBY'S ANGELS
8:00 Tonight ★ On Channel 7
Starring:
Two-Ton Tubbleman ★ Big Bertha Bitner
★★ Boom-Boom La Larde ★★
(This Program Is Presented By ABC To Comply With The Unpleasant Requirements Of The Overweight Actresses Equal Employment Law.)

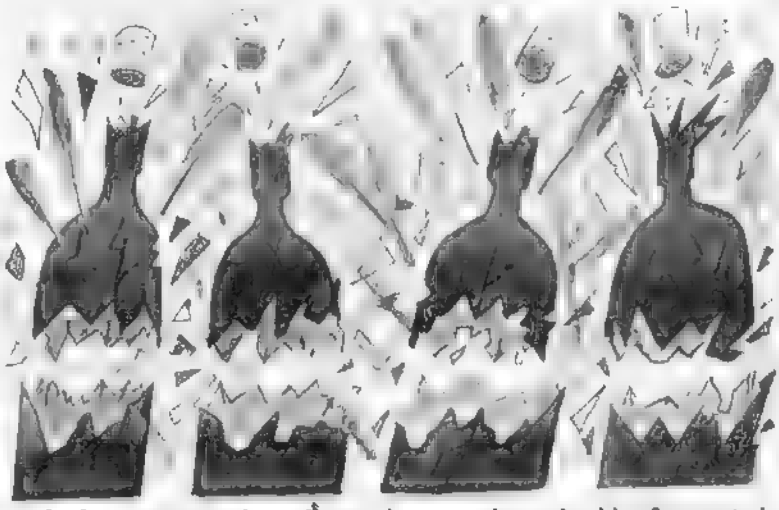

Lionel Shwap is a Pervert
DEATH TO ALL UNION PLUMBERS
SKY DUDES rule
NUTHIN AT ALL
FOR A GOOD TIME CALL MAUDIE AT 555-0237
Warning: The Surgeon General Has determined that Maudie is Dangerous to your health.
THIS SUBWAY STATION IS A PUBLIC AREA SUBJECT TO THE EQUALITY OF OPINION ACT. PERSONS HOLDING VIEWS CONTRARY TO THOSE EXPRESSED ON THIS WALL ARE ENTITLED TO RESPOND WITH THEIR OWN GRAFFITI. FREE MARKERS AND SPRAY PAINT ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE CLERK IN THE CHANGE BOOTH.
JESUS IS COMIN
CANCELLED
FOUR EYES FINKLER
WEERD

RETURN ENRAGEMENT DEPT.

MORE WAIT TILL YOU GET

...the rent strike you organized has failed.

...your smoke alarm has been set off by your neighbor's barbecue.



...during your vacation, all your homemade apple cider fermented.

...your automatic garage door suddenly went on the blink.

...your neighbor has sold his house to the "Hell's Angels."

HOME AND FIND THAT...

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

...while you were at the laundromat, your old boyfriend who made good in Hollywood, has dropped by as a surprise.

...a swarm of Brazilian killer bees has followed their Queen and settled in the overhang over your front door.

...your upstairs neighbor has had a heart attack while he was lying in a running tub.

...your tomcat, Rodney, has returned with a love offering for you.

...your Mother's thrown out your complete mint collection of MAD.

TURNING DOWN THE VOLUME DEPT.

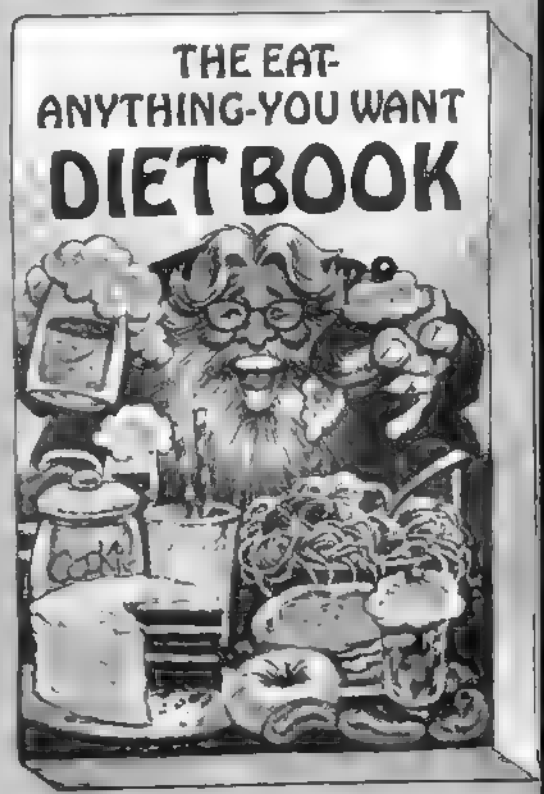
For every book that makes it as a best-seller nowadays, there are hundreds that die on the book-shelves. Sometimes it's hard to tell why some books succeed and some don't. But other times you know exactly why they flop. For example, the

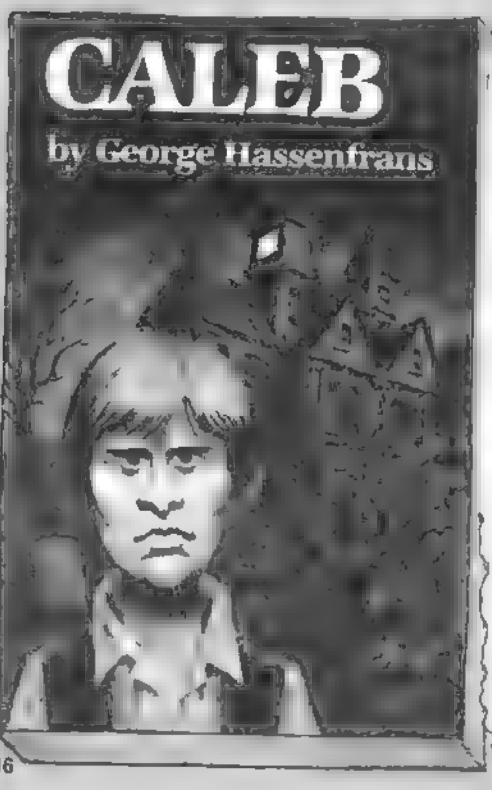
THE WORST SELLING

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

INTRODUCTION

Recently the children of famous show business idols Joan Crawford, Edgar Bergen, and others, have been writing books which reveal incredible facts long kept secret, about the private lives of their parents. I have decided that the time has come for me to do the same. And so, let the chips fall where they may, I intend to give the true, no-holds-barred story behind my father, Pat Boone. First of all, the public thinks of Pat Boone as a gentle, tender man who goes to church regularly, adores his family, and drinks two quarts of milk a day. Right at the top, let me set the record straight. For one thing, this gentle, tender, church-going family man does *not* drink two quarts of milk a day He drinks at least *four* quarts of milk a day. In fact, if we didn't keep a Gurnsey cow in our base ment, we



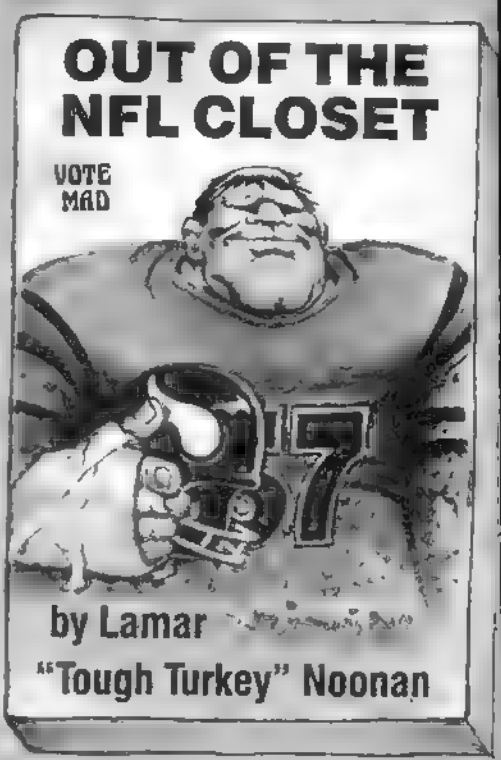


Chapter One

When Caleb Throggs was born, his parents were delighted. He was a beautiful child and was seemingly everything they had ever dreamed of in a son. Then one day when he was a month old, his mother said to her Physician, "Doctor, Caleb is a lovely boy, but do you notice something strange there? Maybe it's his eyes. That overpowering, piercing look. I hate to say this, but I think there may be something diabolical about him."

After examining the infant thoroughly, the family doctor informed the mother, "Mark my word, this boy is as normal as you or I."

As events developed the doctor turned out to be absolutely right. Caleb grew into fine manhood, married his childhood sweetheart, Phoebe, and eventually became the most successful wholesale hardware dealer in all of Western Kansas, and



following books all deal in subjects that are popular in today's best-sellers market, but somewhere along the line something went wrong. All you have to read is the first few paragraphs from each and you'll know exactly why they are...

BOOKS OF THE YEAR

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

CHAPTER ONE

Like everyone else through the years, I have exposed myself to the Water Diet, the Grapefruit Diet, the Scarsdale Diet, and just about every other regimen concocted by every crackpot who has a typewriter and a stack of paper.

I finally decided that since we all enjoy eating, would it be possible for medical science, in all its infinite wisdom and know-how, to come up with a diet in which you could eat *anything* you want, *whenever* you want, and still lose weight? I thought about this for a long time, I experimented, and then early one morning I leaped out of bed with the answer.

It was: No!

And so I would like to devote the rest of this chapter and the remainder of the book on the joys of being fat.

For example, I have found a sure-fire way of breaking my kids up in the evening. What I often do is stretch out on the dinner table, stick an apple in my mouth, and pretend I am a suckling pig. Since I weigh over 260 pounds, I usually have no trouble

HOUSEWIFE IN SUBURBIA

by Sylvia Glantz

Chapter 1
THE REVELATION

Ever since my wedding day, I wasn't a person. I was a slave. Doomed to endless hours and days of housework, cooking, and chauffeuring. Then one day it hit me. I may be a woman, but I am also a human being. There must be more to life than drudgery. I had had it. I would no longer be a miserable housewife. And that's when I came to my momentous decision.

From now on I would be a *happy* housewife. It's really amazing how with a little fantasy and imagination, water pouring into a sink filled with dirty diapers can be transformed in your mind into an exotic jungle waterfall.

And how, even a leaky bag of

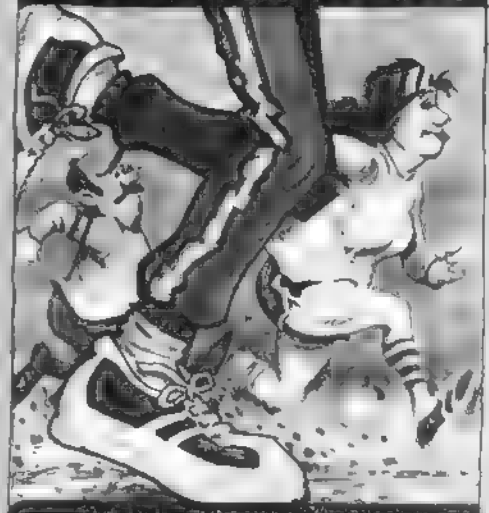
Chapter 1
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

You all know me as a former all-pro line-backer for the Minnesota Vikings. You've seen me eat dirt, grind ballcarriers into the turf, and maim blockers and quarterbacks. But very few of you know who I am or what I am off the field. Okay, the time has come to—as we say—let it all hang out.

What I am about to reveal may surprise and appal many of you. Frankly, I don't care. I've lived too long with my secret and I've got to unload it. The best way to do it, I have decided, is to just say it. So here goes. All my life I've been an overt "straight", a flaming heterosexual!

In view of what you know about pro football players, does this shock you? I've got some more news for you. The same thing is true of Roger Staubach, "Mean Joe" Green, Larry Czonka, Franco

THE ECSTASY OF RUNNING



by Lambert Phelps

AUTHOR'S NOTE

At the outset, I must say that there is nothing more thrilling and soul-satisfying in life than daily running, and I trust that when you finish this book, you will agree. In the chapters to come I will tell you how to start out by doing a mile each day, and then how to keep building up over the weeks until you reach my current plateau of thirty miles a day.

Naturally, I could not handle a book of this size and scope without some invaluable assistance. And so I would like to thank the New York Athletic Club, the Princeton track team, Dr. Herbert Forsythe, and a very special thanks to my three former running partners the late Ted Halley, the late Wendell Sturm, and Vic Katz at the Intensive Care Section in the Cardiac Ward

OUTTA SIGHT! DEPT.

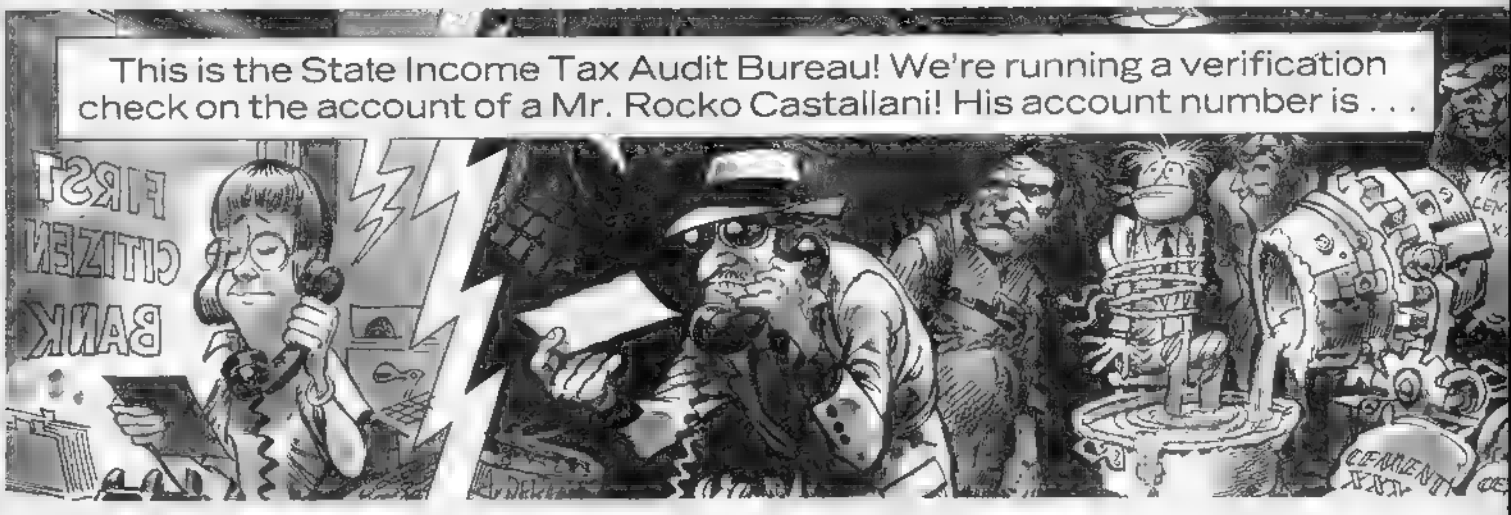
A MAD EXPOSÉ OF SOME... PHON

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

I've been looking over the X-Rays of your planned plastic surgery, and I'm afraid I'll have to increase my fee slightly . . .
YACHTS
49ft.
BEFORE
AFTER

E-Y BALONEY

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES


This is the State Income Tax Audit Bureau! We're running a verification check on the account of a Mr. Rocko Castallani! His account number is . . .
FIRST CITIZEN BANK

At the moment, his condition is stable, and he's resting comfortably . . .
Our pick-up man should be there shortly! He left here five minutes ago . . .
URGENT
RUSH!
GREASED ARROW MESSENGER SERVICE
This is the Ajax Burglar Alarm Company! If you have no security alarm system at present, we'd like to send a man over to demonstrate our . . .
SAN QUENTIN
Right now, our Editorial Staff is seriously considering your submission . . .
Dear Mad
IDEA ONE IS:

DON MARTIN TAKES ANOTHER LOOK AT FIREMEN

CRASHING BORES DEPT.

Everybody loves television programs about Cops and Robbers . . . but there's a popular TV program on the air that has us worried! It's about Cops that ARE Robbers! Well, maybe not exactly . . . but it does show people in charge

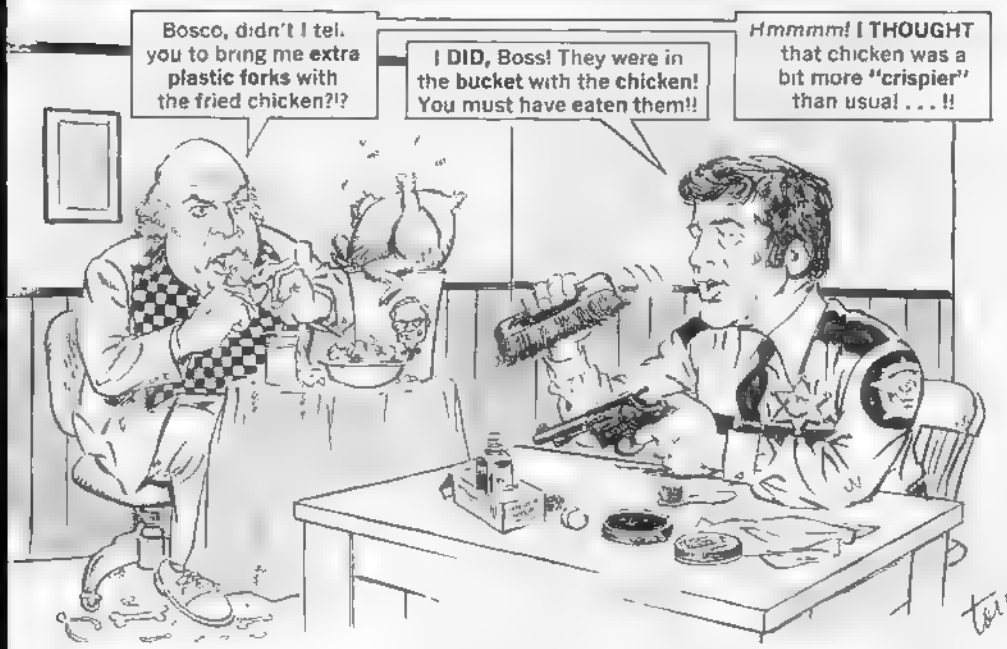
THE DOPES OF

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THEM DOPE BOYS OF HAPHAZZARD COUNTY! TONIGHT'S EPISODE SHOULD GO DOWN ABOUT AS SMOOTH AS A JUG OF BLACK STRAP MOLASSES . . . AND HAVE THE SAME EFFECT: MAINLY, IT'S GONNA MAKE YOU SICK TO YOUR STOMACH! IN CASE YOU'RE NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE FOLKS OF HAPHAZZARD COUNTY, YOU'RE LUCKIER THAN A PIG THAT'S OWNED BY A KOSHER FARMER! BUT, FOR THE SAKE OF THE STORY, LET ME INTRODUCE THEM . . .

THAT'S BOSS SLOB! HE OWNS THE TOWN! HE'S DECEITFUL, DISHONEST, A CROOK, A CHEAT AND A CON ARTIST! HE'S ALSO A POLITICIAN . . . BUT THAT'S REDUNDANT!

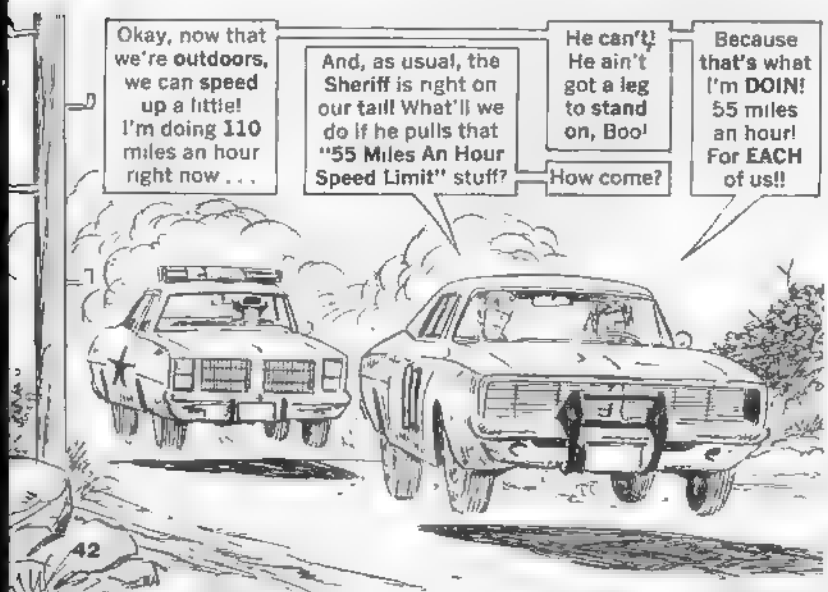
THE FELLOW TALKING TO BOSS SLOB IS SHERIFF BOSCO G. GOLDRAIN! THE SHERIFF IS A BUMBLING IDIOT LAW OFFICER! F'RINSTANCE, SLOB TOLD HIM TO POLISH UP HIS GUN . . . AN' THAT'S JUST WHAT HE'S DOING!

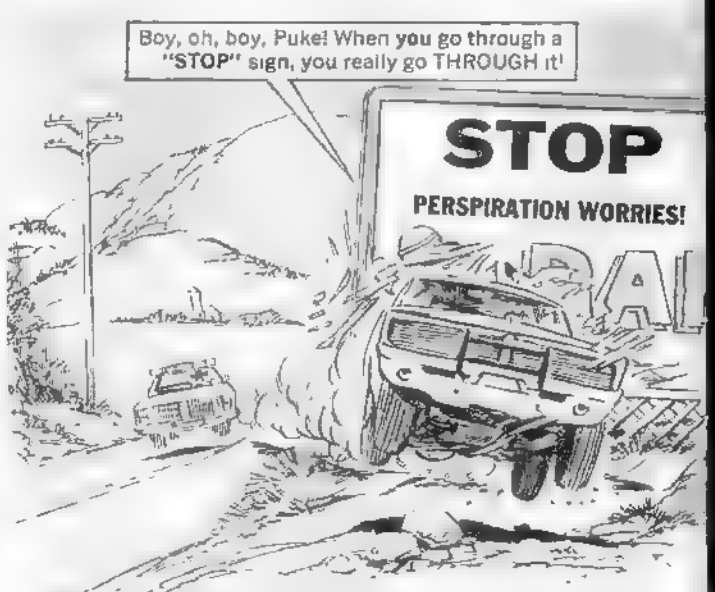
THE OTHER GUY'S THE SHERIFF'S ASSISTANT, ANUS! HE ASSISTS THE SHERIFF IN BEING A TOTAL SCREW-UP! BUT HE'S SMARTER THAN THE STUPID SHERIFF! HE'S NOT DUMB ENOUGH TO BE USING SHOE POLISH TO SHINE HIS GUN!


Bosco, didn't I tell you to bring me extra plastic forks with the fried chicken?!?
I DID, Boss! They were in the bucket with the chicken! You must have eaten them!!
Hmmmm! I THOUGHT that chicken was a bit more "crispier" than usual . . . !!

Sorry, but there's nothin' we can do about bank fraud!
Why in heck NOT?!
Because it doesn't involve a car chase! We only do things that involve wild, idiotic car chases!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES


Okay, now that we're outdoors, we can speed up a little! I'm doing 110 miles an hour right now . . .
And, as usual, the Sheriff is right on our tail! What'll we do if he pulls that "55 Miles An Hour Speed Limit" stuff?
He can't! He ain't got a leg to stand on, Boo!
How come?
Because that's what I'm DOIN! 55 miles an hour! For EACH of us!!



stealing, and citizens breaking all kinds of laws and getting away with it! After all, television should really entertain us! It shouldn't force us to face what we see all around us in everyday life! Yep, we're talking about

HAPHAZZARD

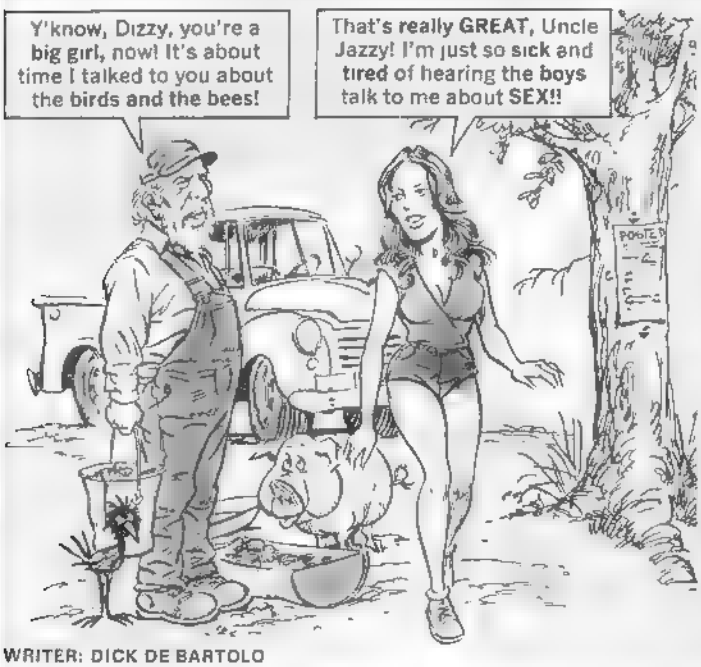
LIKE THE EXOTIC DANCER SAID WHEN SHE TOOK OFF THE FIRST FLIMSY LAYER OF CLOTHES . . . "FOLKS, YOU AIN'T SEEN NUTHIN' YET!" NOW LET'S MEET THE MEMBERS OF THE DOPE FAMILY!

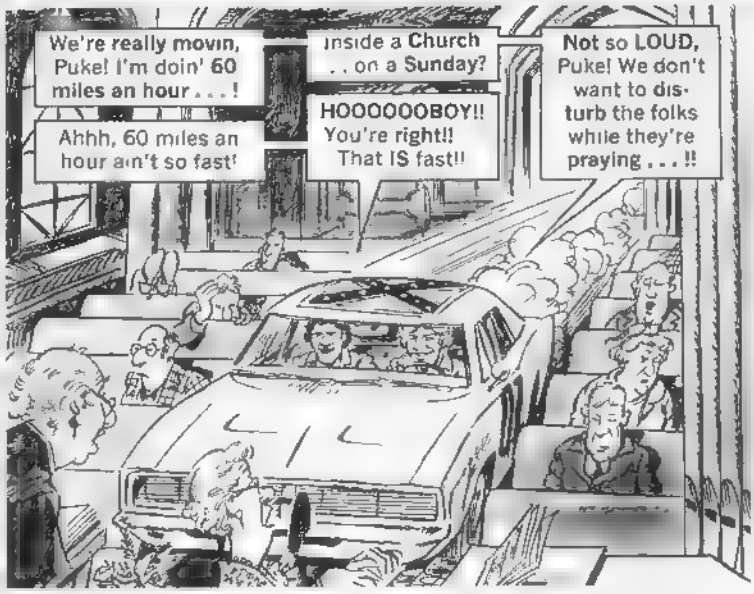
THAT'S LOVEABLE OLD UNCLE JAZZY! HE'S SO OLD AND LOVEABLE THAT, SOMETIMES, YOU REALLY WANT TO JUST SQUEEZE HIM . . . TIGHT AROUND HIS NECK, WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!

THAT'S DIZZY DOPE! SHE'S NOT A GOOD-ENOUGH ACTRESS TO APPEAR IN FEATURE-LENGTH MOVIES, SO THEY PUT HER IN SHORTS . . . SHORTS THAT ARE CUT RIGHT UP TO THE NETWORK CENSOR'S LIMITS!

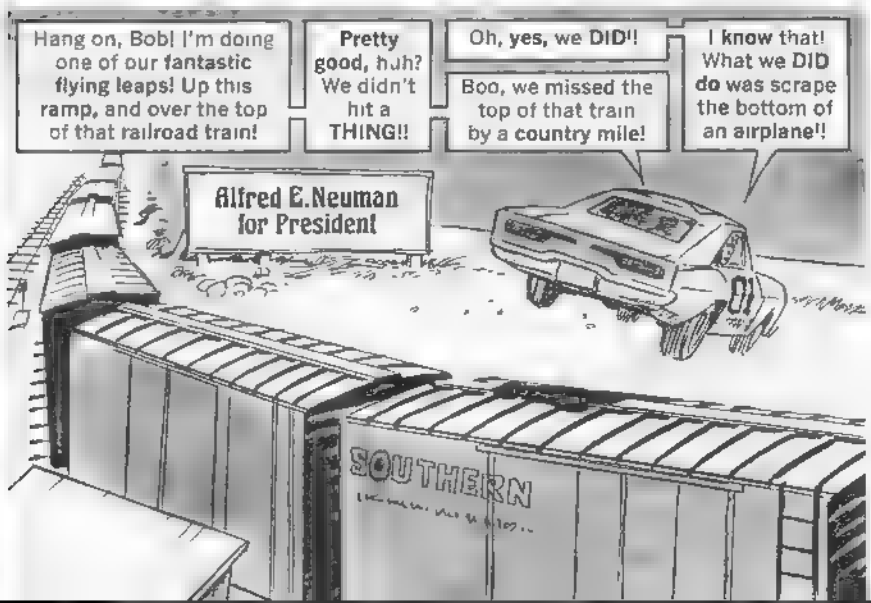
AND STANDING IN FRONT OF THAT TREE IS ME! WELL, YOU DON'T SEE ME IN THE REAL TV VERSION, EITHER! I'M WHAT YOU CALL THE NARRATOR!

NOW IT'S TIME TO MEET THE DOPE BOYS, BOO AND PUKE! AS USUAL, THEY'RE DRIVING THEIR SOUPED-UP CAR DOWN SOME DESERTED RURAL HIGHWAY FASTER THAN A GREASED RATTLE-SNAKE GOING DOWNHILL ON AN ICY ROAD WITH AN 80-MILE WIND AT ITS BACK!


Y'know, Dizzy, you're a big girl, now! It's about time I talked to you about the birds and the bees!
That's really GREAT, Uncle Jazzy! I'm just so sick and tired of hearing the boys talk to me about SEX!!


We're really movin, Puke! I'm doin' 60 miles an hour . . . !
Ahhh, 60 miles an hour ain't so fast!
Inside a Church . . on a Sunday?
HOOOOOOBOY!! You're right!! That IS fast!!
Not so LOUD, Puke! We don't want to disturb the folks while they're praying . . . !!

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO


Hang on, Bob! I'm doing one of our fantastic flying leaps! Up this ramp, and over the top of that railroad train!
Pretty good, huh? We didn't hit a THING!!
Oh, yes, we DID!!
Boo, we missed the top of that train by a country mile!
I know that! What we DID do was scrape the bottom of an airplane!!
Alfred E. Neuman for President!
SOUTHERN

Hoo-boy! Here comes Anus in another new Police Car . . .!
We already wrecked six Police Cars this morning! How in heck does the town PAY for all those cars?
That's simple! A speeding ticket in this town carries a $75,000 fine!
Hey, no wonder we never let 'em catch us!!
What do you say we take one of our famous SHORT CUTS . . .
Through Yucky Swamp .
Across Failing Boulder Breach . . .
Up Suicide Mountain . . .
And down Broken Neck Ridge Road!
You call that a SHORT CUT?! You added twenty minutes to our trip . . . and we're right back where we started from!
That was the special "TV SITCOM SHORT CUT!" It short cuts a need for any dialogue or a story line! We don't have to say anything but "Hoo-boy!" as we drive like idiots!
Alfred E. Neuma for President
WRITE-IN CANDIDATE
Another thing! How come we just ran through all that really rough territory, and nothing happened to our car!? But the Sheriff's car gets totaled every ten minutes?!
What do you MEAN, nothing happened to our car during that rough ride? Look! The glove compartment door opened . . . the hub caps got dusty . . . and there's a yecchy bug squashed on our windshield!
Hah!! I GOT you Dopes, now!! You made me drive under some low bridges —and through a narrow tunnel—but I finally GOT you Dopes GOOD!
Oh, yeah? How do we know you're REALLY the Law . . .?
Just look at my car! See the red lights on the roof?
You ain't got a roof!!
It says "SHERIFF" right there on the door, don't it?!
You ain't got any doors!
Then look at my gun!
You ain't GOT a gun! That's a can of "PLEDGE" in your holster!
Y'know, we Hazzard County Lawmen make The Keystone Cops look like Scotland Yard!!

I got a plan to cheat the Senior Citizens of this County by selling them land at "Quaint Vistas" for only $1000 an acre!

You're right, Anus! I forgot to charge for "Swimmin' Rights"! Make that $1200 an acre! Well, what do you think of it, Boys?

But, Boss Slob! That land is three feet underwater!

Sellin' old folks land at 10 times more than it's worth is criminal, mean and contemptuous!

Yeah! I love it, too!!

Now, the only ones who might mess up my scheme is them troublesome Dope Boys! So I'm gonna trick 'em into leading a parade this Sunday, to which I am gonna invite the Chief of the State Police! Then .

How'd you guess?

We do it every week!!

We DON'T do it every week! We do it every OTHER week! Sometimes we hide marijuana in their car!

We'll hide moonshine in their car!

Listen, Boss, what say we do something really different this time? How about we get them Dopes on a charge of "Kidnapping A Minor"?

Hmmm! "Kidnapping a Minor"? What a great idea, Anus!!

See? I ain't so dumb!!

But, where are we gonna get a MINOR for them to KIDNAP . . .?!

Don't worry about a thing, Boss! I already thought of that . . . an' I got one right here!!

But, he sure put up a mean fuss . . .!

Forget about it, Anus! We'll go back to hiding moonshine and grass in their car! It worked 26 times last season, not counting the 13 times on repeats, so it should work for us again . . .

NOW THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT DIZZY DOPE! SHE'S MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY TUSH—ER, FACE! SHE WORKS FOR BOSS SLOB! SHE DON'T MAKE MUCH . . . BUT SHE GETS TO KEEP ALL THE SECRETS SHE CAN OVERHEAR!

Puke and Boo, I hope you got on your ears! I'm talking to you on the special CB set we use on this show . . .!

You know . . . the CB set where no one ever touches a dial—but automatically only the proper people hear the conversation . . .!

Well, Boss Slob has a scheme he's going to pull! It's the SAME scheme he used in episodes 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15 & 17 . .

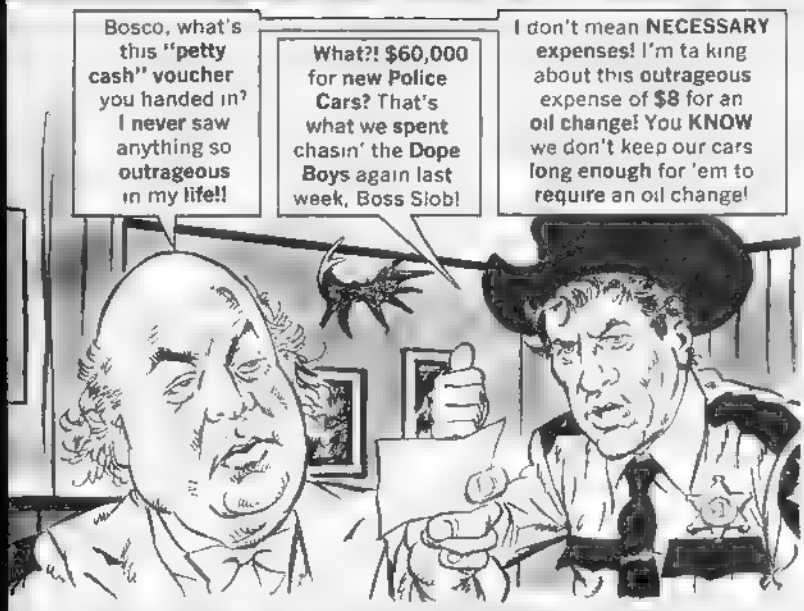
Hey, Boss Slob is gonna hide moonshine in our car . . .!

And let the Chief of the State Police catch us with it!

Dizzy, do us a real big favor! Use your sexy feminine charms to stall Anus for us . . .!

What'll THAT do for you guys??

Not a thing! But it'll do a whole lot for the horny guys in the TV audience!


Bosco, what's this "petty cash" voucher you handed in? I never saw anything so outrageous in my life!!
What?! $60,000 for new Police Cars? That's what we spent chasin' the Dope Boys again last week, Boss Slob!
I don't mean NECESSARY expenses! I'm ta king about this outrageous expense of $8 for an oil change! You KNOW we don't keep our cars long enough for 'em to require an oil change!

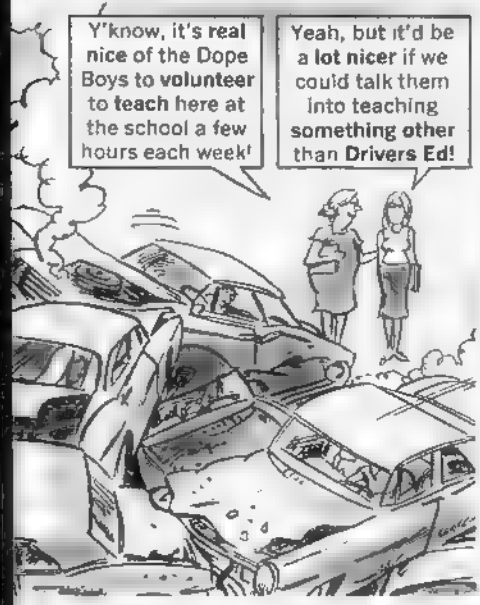
Anus, where you goin' with that moonshine??
Hey, I'm not point ng a finger at you, Anus!
Anus . . be honest with me! What's the furthest you've ever gone with a girl?
Moonshine?! WHAT moonshine??
Dizzy, I KNOW you're not pointing a finger at me! It's what you ARE pointing at me that drives me crazy!
I once went all the way to the Alabama border!

MEANWHILE, TO GET READY FOR THE PARADE, THE BOYS HAD THEIR CAR TUNED UP BY THEIR BUDDY, COOTIE, AN ACE MECHANIC WHO'LL FIX A CAR UP LIKE BRAND NEW AND CHARGE YOU A FAIR PRICE! THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS! NOTHING IN THIS SERIES IS ANYTHING LIKE REALITY!

Let's see, boys! I tuned it up . . . put in new spark plugs . . . piston rings . . . gaskets . . . ground the valves . . . and replaced the transmission! That'll be—uh—ten dollars!
Ten dollars?!?
Okay!! I was being greedy! Make it eight!

BUT THE DOPE BOYS WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES GETTING READY FOR THE BIG SUNDAY PARADE!

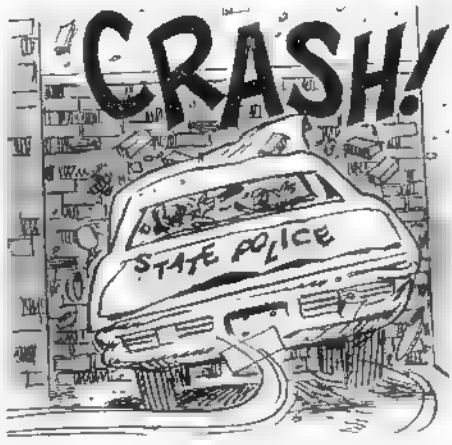
Here you are, Sheriff! Six brand new Police Cars! That should hold you for a few days!
Listen, Boss Slob has a brand new foolproof plan to catch the Dope Boys! So you better go back and bring us another six right away!!


Y'know, it's real nice of the Dope Boys to volunteer to teach here at the school a few hours each week!
Yeah, but it'd be a lot nicer if we could talk them into teaching something other than Drivers Ed!

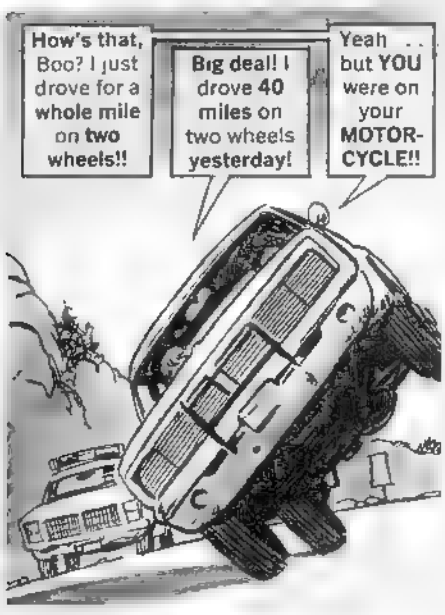
WELL, THAT SUNDAY, THE DOPE BOYS DID LEAD THE PARADE! BUT . . . SO'S NOT TO TAKE ANY CHANCE OF GETTING CAUGHT WITH THE MOONSHINE IN THEIR CAR, THEY DID IT AT THEIR NORMAL SPEED!

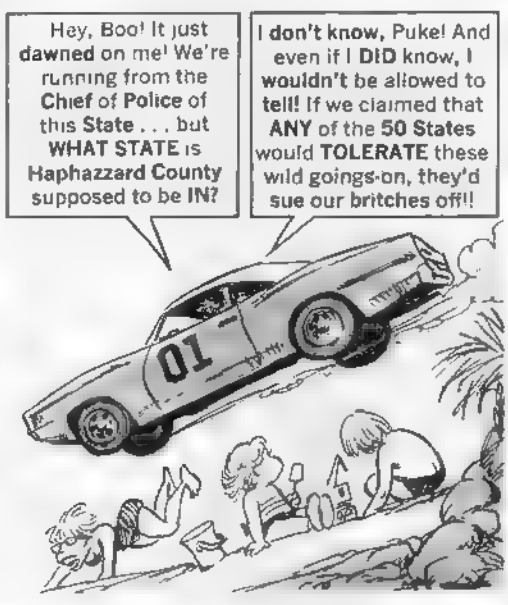
Hey, I thought the parade was going to start promptly at noon!
Well, it DID!
Then, where IS it? It's only a minute after twelve . . . ?!
It's over! You missed it! Went through here at 130 miles an hour!
Oh, I forgot! The DOPE BOYS were leading it!!

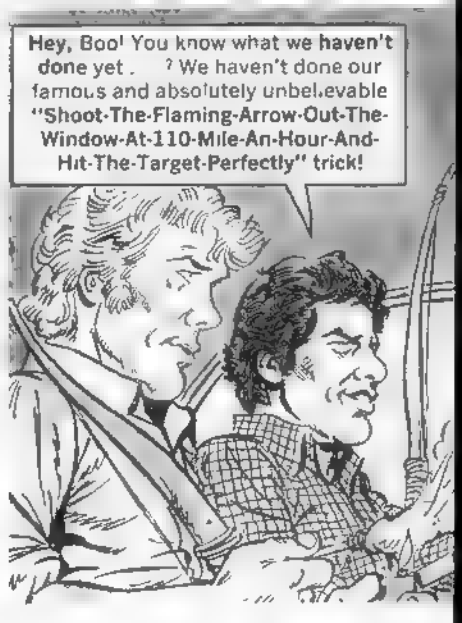
OF COURSE, THE CHIEF OF THE STATE POLICE, HAVING BEEN TIPPED OFF ABOUT THE MOONSHINE, WAS CLOSE ON THE DOPE'S TAILPIPE! BUT THE BOYS HAD A PLAN TO DIVERT THE CHIEF'S CAR TILL THEY COULD DUMP THE "SHINE!" THEY USED ONE OF THE CLEVER "FAKE SIGNS" SO POPULAR IN THIS SERIES . . .



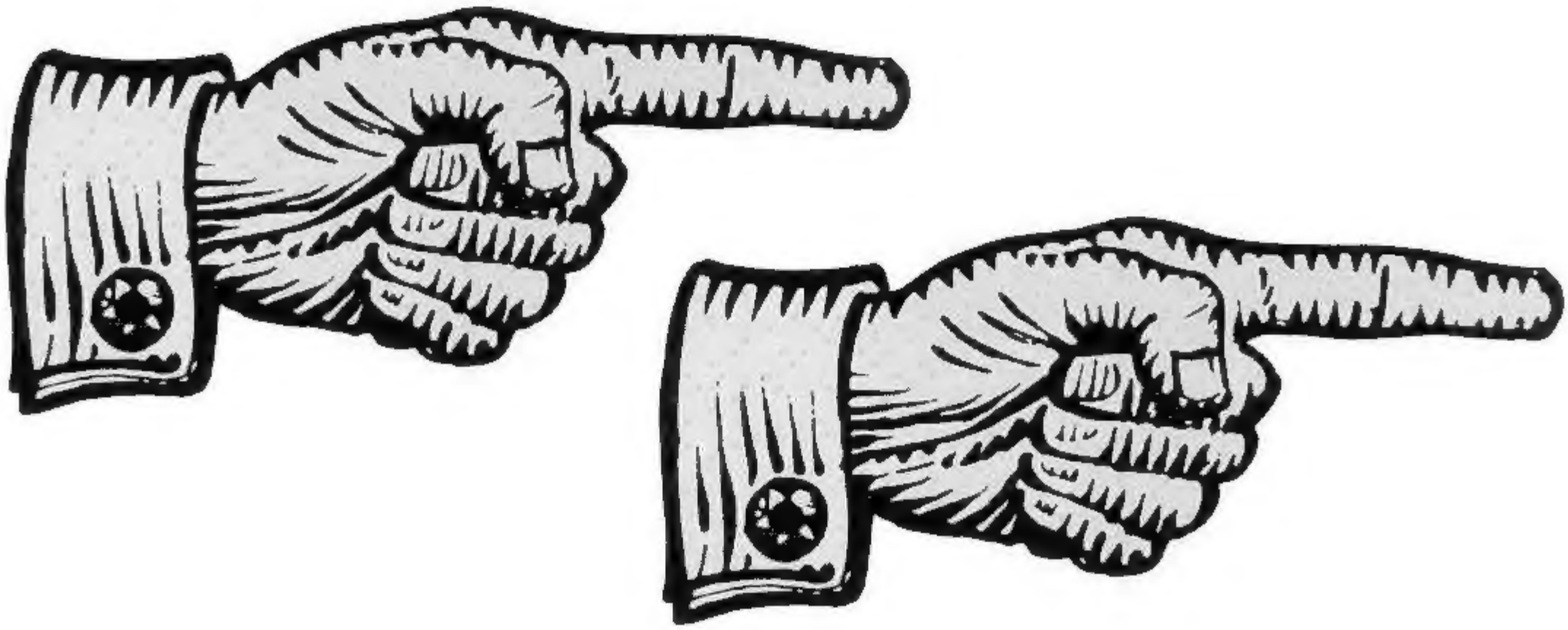
Well, that'll slow down the Chief of the State Police! But I see Anus and Bosco are following us in two new Police Cars, so we'll have to do some fancy driving!


How's that, Boo? I just drove for a whole mile on two wheels!!
Big deal! I drove 40 miles on two wheels yesterday!
Yeah . . but YOU were on your MOTOR-CYCLE!!


Hey, Boo! It just dawned on me! We're running from the Chief of Police of this State . . . but WHAT STATE is Haphazzard County supposed to be IN?
I don't know, Puke! And even if I DID know, I wouldn't be allowed to tell! If we claimed that ANY of the 50 States would TOLERATE these wild goings-on, they'd sue our britches off!!
01

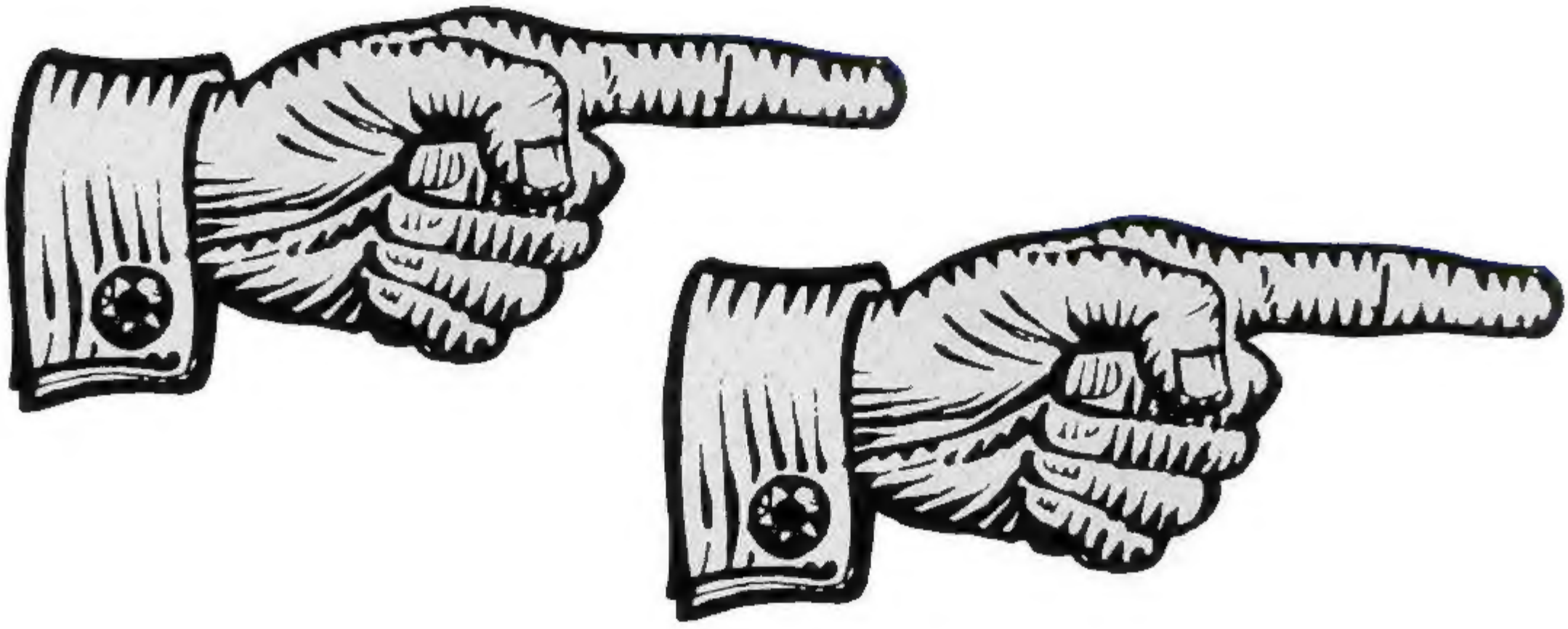

Hey, Boo! You know what we haven't done yet . ? We haven't done our famous and absolutely unbelievable "Shoot-The-Flaming-Arrow-Out-The-Window-At-110-Mile-An-Hour-And-Hit-The-Target-Perfectly" trick!

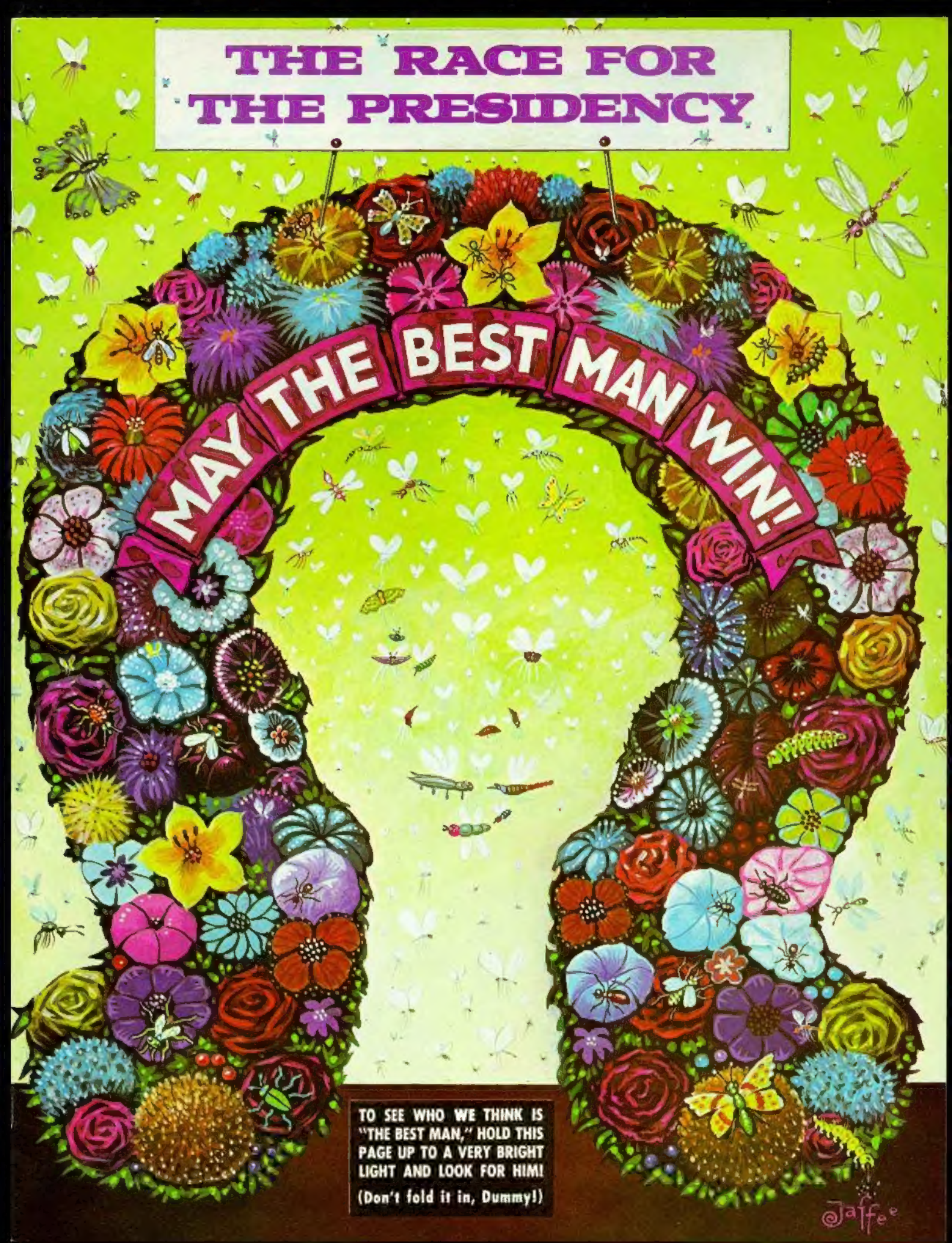
Oh, wow! That was something! A head-on collision with a trailer truck! We were doing 110 . and he was doing at least 55 . . . !!
We dented the grille, and we lost a hubcap!
How bad is the damage . . . ?
Boy, this car's indestructible!
01
Oh-oh! Here comes the Chief of the State Police and Boss Slob! And we didn't have time to dump that moonshine !!
We're goners, now! Nothing can save us!!
VOTE MAD
01
THIS IS ONE OF THOSE PLACES IN THE SHOW WHERE THEY USUALLY "FREEZE" THE PICTURE, AND GO TO A COMMERCIAL! WELL, SORRY, FOLKS, BUT THIS IS A MAGAZINE! YOU AREN'T LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET THAT SORT OF RELIEF! OUR STORY IS GONNA CONTINUE!!
Okay, you Dope Boys! Open your trunk . . . !
But, Boss Slob, we— that is—
It's too late, Boys! Don't make any excuses! You've been caught red-handed smuggling broken gallon jugs of moonshine, and the penalty for that is—
BROKEN GALLON JUGS?!?
Will you look at that, Puke! Even in this MAD satire, a crazy turn of events saved us! We've endangered lives, wrecked property, flaunted the law, and we're off scot free! The jugs all broke . . . so there ain't no moonshine!
Boss Slob . . . I can't arrest these boys for any wrong-doing! It's not illegal to carry broken gallon jugs!
I been outsmarted by them rotten Dope Boys again! I tell you, they're making' it impossible to make a dishonest buck these days!
Y'know, Puke, sometimes I feel a bit sorry for Boss Slob! I think that just once, it would be kinda nice if one of his sneaky plans worked out!
Oh, I don't know! HE gets paid for doing this show just like the rest of us! That's ENOUGH of a crime to get away with!!
I love it! I love it!! Every week, those boys think they outsmarted me because they foul up some half-baked money-makin' scheme of mine!!
Well, I MAKE UP those schemes just to get them into car chases with my Sheriff and my Deputy! Do you know how I REALLY make my money . . . ?
I OWN the Dealership Franchise for NEW POLICE CARS in Haphazard County . . . !
Do you have any idea how much MONEY I make sellin' six new Police Cars a Day . . . at list price!



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.




THE RACE FOR THE PRESIDENCY
MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!
TO SEE WHO WE THINK IS "THE BEST MAN," HOLD THIS PAGE UP TO A VERY BRIGHT LIGHT AND LOOK FOR HIM!
(Don't fold it in, Dummy!)
Jaffee

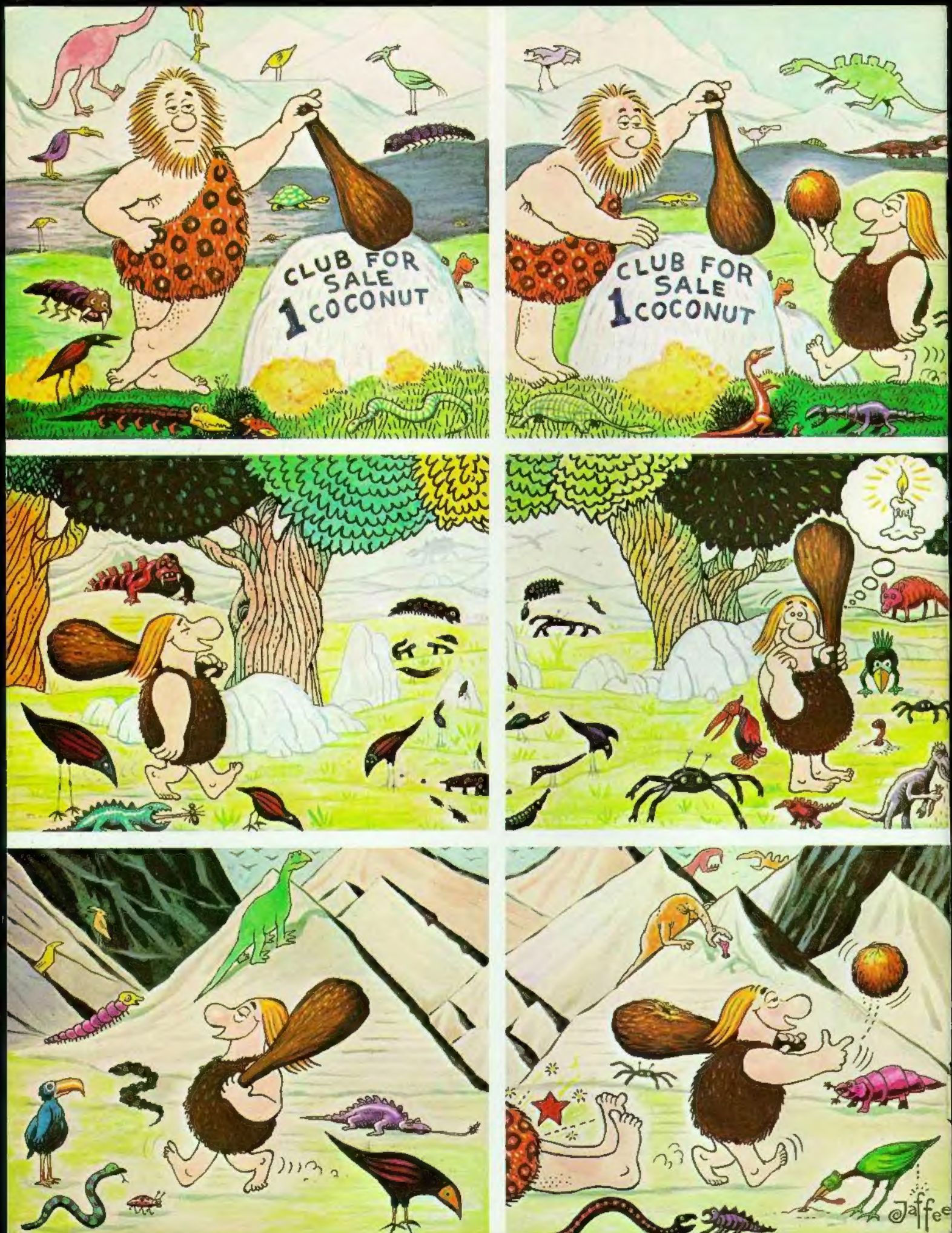
THE RACE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

THE BEST MAN

TO SEE WHO WE THINK IS "THE BEST MAN," HOLD THIS PAGE UP TO A VERY BRIGHT LIGHT AND LOOK FOR HIM!

(Don't fold it in, Dummy!)

Jeff


CLUB FOR SALE
1 COCONUT
CLUB FOR SALE
1 COCONUT
Jaffee